

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 418.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

[JAMES HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

The Wasps of Aristophanes: with Notes.
By T. Mitchell, A.M. &c. Murray.

LEARNING and taste are as conspicuous in Mr. Mitchell's edition of 'The Wasps,' as in that of the 'Acharnenses,' to whose merits we recently bore willing testimony; but, unfortunately, his political prejudices are still more glaringly displayed, and they have led him, with suicidal vehemence, to accuse the Athenian democracy of crimes refuted in the very terms of his own charge, and of follies contradicted by his own statement. This is the more provoking, as 'The Wasps' is precisely the play in which Aristophanes least forcibly urges the cause of the aristocratic party, to which he was so warmly attached: he attacks an individual rather than a generic folly; and it is only by complete distortion of his meaning, that the object of his satire is made an entire nation instead of a limited class.

To vindicate all the eccentricities, or even the delinquencies, of the Athenian "mob of gentlemen," would be a hopeless task; but in what nation, whether ancient or modern, cannot there be found public madness and public guilt running riot for a time, and triumphing for a time over morality and common sense? Would it be just to describe English monarchy as the worst possible form of government, because the learned and the honourable of the royal party applauded the profligate cruelty that sent Russell and Sydney to the scaffold? Would it be just to brand, as iniquitous, either of the great parties that divide England, because the Popish plot was patronized by the one, or the Rye-house plot the other? The Republic of Athens exhibited the influence of freedom in all its strength and all its weakness: the history of Athens has consequently been the great store-house that supplied weapons equally to the friends and enemies of liberty. We mingle not in these controversies; our only duty is to see that the combatants fight fair; and we regret to add, that Mr. Mitchell has not adhered to the laws of the literary duello.

We have called his vehemence "suicidal;" he assumes that Aristophanes has justly described the Athenian populace (Demus) as intolerant, impatient of rebuke, vindictively resenting the slightest attack on its sovereignty. Why, the very drama in which these charges were made ('The Knights'), was acted before that very populace, amid the loudest applause. The people saw themselves personified as Demus, an old drivelling idiot, cheated by his friends, derided by his enemies, and duped by the most contemptible of mankind. They saw the popular favourite, the hero of the day, Cleon, brought by name on the stage, lacerated with invectives of unvaried bitterness; and, instead of stoning the daring poet, they bestowed their highest literary honour on this display of his ability. It may fairly be doubted, whether the British

nation, or any party in it, would bear so patiently a similar attack. At what premium would Mr. Mitchell's life be insured, were he to visit the county of Kerry, and display Mr. O'Connell on the stage as Cleon was displayed at Athens? Or, to take a closer parallel, what would have been the fate of the dramatist, in the early part of the French war, who represented John Bull as a stupid fool, dragged into a contest with which he had no earthly concern, and duped by a pilot, not "who weathered the storm," but who put to sea in order to avert the tempest? Assuredly he would have had a much better chance of the pillory than the laurel. The king-people, as Mr. Mitchell tauntingly calls the Athenians, endured to have their faults told them more patiently than any sovereign before or since.

The drama now published is a highly-seasoned attack on the legal administration of Athens. The absurdities of the law are fair game for satirists in every age and clime. Were Aristophanes to return on earth, he might find, in Lord Brougham's speech on the reform of the law, materials for some dozen of farces, that would cast the absurdities of 'The Wasps' completely into the shade. Look at the inimitable scene of the coroner's inquest in 'Tilney Hall'; recall to memory Steevens' report of 'Bullum versus Boatum,' and then say if the laws of England are not as open to ridicule as those of Athens?

The plot of 'The Wasps' is very simple: Philocleon, an old Athenian, is enamoured of the occupation and influence afforded him in the law courts, where the citizens, under the name of *dicasts*, filled at once the office of judges and jurymen. It has pleased Mr. Mitchell to describe these *dicasts* as "men mean in everything but a natural acuteness and good taste—without birth or education—not necessarily knowing more of law than the bean or pebble they held in their hands," for they voted by ballot. Proceed a little farther, and you find the Athenian citizens described as a highly intellectual people, and condemned for the inordinate time devoted to mental cultivation. Philocleon's son is a foe to his father's inclinations; he confines him to his house, places sentinels on the doors, and covers the fore-court with a net to prevent the *dicast's* evasion. The drama opens with a dialogue between Sosias and Xanthias, two of the slaves on guard.

Sos. Ho there! Why, Xanthias, what are you about?
Xan. Sick of this weary watch, I take a nap.
Sos. In faith, you'll catch a beating for your pains; know you the crafty beast we have to guard!

The slaves hold a long, and not very interesting conversation; in which, however, Mr. Mitchell discovers much profound wisdom, on the ill effects of democracy, and the beneficial results that would follow from restoring the supremacy of the aristocratic faction. This discussion is premature; the entire course of Athenian policy will more properly come before us, when 'The Knights' come under our review. Bdelycleon, the son of the *dicast*, gives notice that his father is trying to

escape, and the old man's head is seen emerging from the chimney. He declares that he is "smoke," but the excuse will not pass current, and he is driven back. He next appears as a bird on the top of the house, and calls for aid to his brother *dicasts*, twenty-four of whom, forming the chorus of the piece, enter disguised as wasps. The humour of the scene is not of the highest order; "it turns principally on the poverty of the *dicasts*, who were allowed three *oboli*" per day for attending in the courts, and were likely to want a dinner unless they had an opportunity of trying a cause. Did it ever occur to the learned editor, that no very long while ago, persons were accused of getting their names on the special jury panel, for the sake of the sum paid for their attendance? A long discussion takes place between Bdelycleon and the Chorus; the young man finally persuades them that they have been duped by the demagogues; the wasps sheath their stings. To console his father, Bdelycleon gets up a mock trial of a dog for stealing a Sicilian cheese. The proceedings of the Athenian criminal courts are ridiculed rather happily.

Bdel. (as president of the court.)
"Waits any member of the court without?
Let him advance forthwith: we bar admission
Soon as the pleadings have commenced."

Phil. Produce me
The Defendant—(rubbing his hands)—gods! how I'll

Bdel. "The cur of Cydathenus these declares
'Gainst Labes of Aexone: 'foresaid Labes
Against the peace and quiet of our state
Did then and there combine, singly and sole,
To swallow a Sicilian cheese. Penalty:
A collar of stout fig-wood."

Phil. Bring it but home
To him, and he shall die,—swinge me, a dog's death.

Bdel. Labes, so please this honourable court,
Is here before them.

Phil. O the villain—how like
A thief he looks! nay, never show your teeth
And grin at me;—tricks pass not here, believe me.

Bdel. But where's my plaintiff, he of Cydathenus?
Dog. Bow, wow.

Sos. Another Labes this, equal
To any cur for barking, and for emptying
A porringer—shew me his peer for that!

Bdel. Silence within the court. (To Sos.) Be
seated you,

And you (to Xanth.) mount up and set us forth your
charge.

Phil. And I'll meantime discuss this dish of lentils.
Xant. (as dog-plaintiff.) Your honourable ears are
now possessed

Of this our bill and charge. Heinous and rank—
Phil. (cating.) Proceed, the court are with you.

Xant. —Is th' offence
Which this vile cur against myself and—blue-jacket—
Hath thus committed. For, my Lords, to hurry him
Into a nook, a hole, a corner, there

To gulp down, or (for crimes of novelty
Deserve new names) there to deniciliate,
As I may say, in secrecy and darkness,
A cheese of mightiest size—

Phil. (guarding his nose.) Guilty! guilty!
His very breath is evidence against him.

O what a gale came over me this moment!

The defence is even better:—

Bdel. (feelingly.) Nay, nay,
Enforce not, sir, this countenance of sternness:

Look with an eye of pity on the wretched!
Shall I of merits speak? This Labes' palate
Scorns not the roughest food—fish-bone, or offal;—
Then he's for ever shifting ground: you cur
Hath but one biding-place—that's the house-door.

There he takes ground for ever, craving part
Of all that's brought within; deny it him,
And you'll soon know the setting of his teeth.

Phil. (with great emotion). Angels and ministers
of grace protect me!
Mischievous is sure abroad; for I grow soft,
And feel within the powers of persuasion.
Bdel. (pathetically). O they are gracious signs!
aid the good work,
And give it furtherance!

The chorus becomes reconciled to the politics
of Bdelycleon, and make peace with him.
Their concluding odes are superior to any
thing else in the drama, and display a man-
liness of spirit very characteristic of Aristo-
phanes. We quote one specimen:—

Semi-Chorus. O the days that are gone by, O the
days so blithe and bland,
When my foot was strong in dance, and the spear was
in my hand;
Then my limbs and years were green—I could toil
and yet to spare,
And the foeman to his cost knew what strength and
mettle are:

O the days that are gone by!
Now upon this head are thrown
Whiter hairs than ever shone
On the bird who breasts and braves,
Silver-bosom'd, silver waves.
Yet beneath this head of grey
Latent fires and embers play;
And at urgent need I show
Youth on my determined brow.
Much, believe, should I repine,
Bart'ring these old limbs of mine
For a modern youngster's frame:
For the faces and the graces,
Braided locks and mincing paces,
Of the fopling who disgraces
Lawful love and manhood's name.

We have not thought it necessary to follow
Mr. Mitchell in all his wanderings from this
drama, to attack the Athenian democracy.
Supposing every line of the comedy to be
true, what does it prove, but that legal abuses
were possible in a democracy. Could these
abuses be of very grave importance when
they were remonstrated against only by a
farce? Compare the tribunals of democratic
Athens with those of aristocratic Venice—
take the worst age of the former and the best
of the latter—and the Athenian will have no
reason to shun the comparison.

We part from Mr. Mitchell with sorrow:
years have elapsed since his spirited trans-
lations first led us to the study of the "*præ-
grandis senex*:" his present edition of the
plays, everyway creditable to him as a scholar
and a man of taste, unfortunately display a
bitterness of political feeling, which we fondly
deemed could find no place in such a mind
as his. He has here given us the worst play
of Aristophanes, and, without detracting
from the editor's merits, we trust it will con-
tinue that in which he has made the worst
exhibition of his prejudices.

*The Immaterial System of Man contem-
plated, in accord with the Beautiful and
the Sublime, and in reference to a Plan for
a General Education.* By Elizabeth Hope.
Ridgway.

THERE is a mixture of the abstract and the
practical, in the promise of this title-page,
that smacks at once of Plato and of Brougham.
It is "a swelling prologue," and it were well,
could we conscientiously add, to "a mighty
theme." The work is written by a woman,
one who, whatever may be her deficiencies,
is evidently an enthusiast in good—with the
love, if not with the mastery, of liberal opi-
nions. She publishes too (if internal evidence
may be trusted,) at her own expense—that
is, at her certain loss. These are strong
claims on the critic's forbearance; for though,
in our ordinary estimates of humanity and
of literature, we are apt to suspect a strong
dash of vanity and of self-confidence, at the

bottom of the temperament which leads to
the didactic in matters of religion and mora-
lity, these qualities are so amiably veiled by
kindliness of intention in the volumes before
us, that we have great reluctance in with-
holding from them an unqualified approval.

But teachers, such as Mrs. Elizabeth Hope,
are far from proving beneficial to society.
They address themselves, whatever they
may think to the contrary, to the ignorant
and the feeble; and on them only will they
prevail. Strong, sound, and well-trained
minds, will at a glance perceive the endless
absurdity of the reasoning, and regret the
practical consequence. That which is really
elevating and exalted in such works, becomes
mean, paltry, and inconclusive by the manner
in which it is set forth and accompanied. The
vicinity of the sublime to the ridiculous is
in this instance of dangerous consequence.
On the feeble and the ignorant, on the con-
trary, their influence is considerable; but that
influence is not exerted in strengthening or
enlightening. It is confined almost exclu-
sively in propagating the fanatical enthusiasm
of the author, in removing the readers from
the world of tangible evidence, to plunge
them in an universe of vague, phantom-like
ideas, and exaggerated sentiments, unsettling
their few principles, and preparing them to
admire only what is exaggerated and gigan-
tesque.

The multiplicity of works such as the one
before us is a necessary consequence of the
vast increase of reading, accompanied by a
defective education, tending directly to de-
grade the intellectual powers. The surface
of literature is covered with a multiplicity
of words. Sentences "ready cut and dry" upon
all sciences and subjects, are liberally supplied
to those who are tempted to turn authors.
Whether these have any meaning, whether
that meaning be true, or whether, being true
or false, the person employing them, may be
capable of embracing it, are quite different
questions. Of moral truths, more especially,
there are few that are so in all the extension
of the terms; and by injudicious employ-
ment, they become more fallacious than mere
falsehoods, which commonly lead directly to
their own conviction. It is not difficult in
the present state of literature, for persons
really incapable of sound and conclusive
reasoning, to string together volumes of vague
but plausible matter; producing works which,
while they pass muster, tend only to confuse
the intellect of confiding readers, and to unfit
them for the general reception of truth, when
by accident it falls in their way.

We do not however wish it to be under-
stood, that Mrs. Hope is absolutely to be
placed in this class of authors. On the con-
trary, she has glimpses of truth, and partial
perceptions of things, that are quite pro-
voking. One pitches upon sentences and
pages which indicate a near approach to a
sound philosophy; but "heigh! presto, be-
gone,"—some vagueness of terms, some in-
conclusiveness of reasoning, some incapacity
for following a proposition to its legitimate
consequences, destroys the whole, and re-
duces the paragraph to a practical absurdity.

Mrs. Hope is, to the extent of her powers,
a philosopher of the modern school, in which
a very small body of doctrine derived from
experiment and observation, is obscured and
overladen with idealism; and in which, under
the mistaken notion of studying what passes

within their own mind, its professors have been
occupied solely with abstract and general terms
of the most subtle character, which they have
adopted as representatives of real entities.
They have invented a true polytheism by their
personifications of "the mind," "the will,"
"the reason," "the heart," (meaning the
unknown source of affections,) and we know
not how many other local gods, to rule over the
microcosm man, and to account for his sayings
and doings: and, by the juggling with these
terms, which are but counters, whose value
is never twice the same, they have worked up
a system, which is to drive experience out of
credit, and to supersede whatever is merely
rigorous deduction from fact. In religion,
she is more than an enthusiast. Everything
in her book is spiritualized; and the Bible is
the *Deus ex machinâ*, called in upon every
occasion, in season and out, to establish her
conclusions. But perhaps, the great defect
of her book is, that she has taken up a theme
too vast for her mental powers; and it is per-
petually escaping from her grasp. It is this
that in our opinion, will make her a blind
guide to the young for whom she writes, the
more dangerous, because there is a real good-
ness of intention and an appearance of reason
in what she advances. If the juvenile reader
has feeling, he must have a tendency to re-
spect his author, and therefore to take her
doctrine unexamined; by which his judg-
ment will be enchained, and his power of
profiting by works of a sounder description
considerably crippled.

We are, we repeat it, sorry to be obliged
thus to speak of Mrs. Hope's work, and we
hasten to offer her the consolation, in con-
clusion, that she will find numbers prepared
to entertain a more favourable estimate of
its value. The English nation is in its non-
age as to moral philosophy: the very term
is odious to the majority. The masculine
"good old English" writers on the subject
are neglected and forgotten; and nothing is
read on the subject beyond what appears
in religious tracts, and—fashionable novels.

*The Loseley Manuscripts, illustrative of some
of the more minute particulars of English
History, Biography, and Manners, from
the Reign of Henry VIII. to that of
James I. Edited by A. J. Kempe, F.S.A.
Murray.*

THIS is a selection from ancient documents,
preserved in the muniment room at Loseley
House, Surrey, presenting pictures of revels
and pageants, inventories of "dresses and
properties," to be used therein, "documents
relating to the palace of Nonesuch, its pyeces
of old tapestry," and its state beds of velvet
and "Turquay sylke," of the giant dimen-
sions of *fourteen feet length by twelve wide*;
curious churchwardens' accounts too, with
the characteristic entry "Item, too hundred
and seventy-too lbs. of broken latten,"
(brass) the spoils doubtless of many a rich
monument, "solde to candlestick makers
at xxs. a hundredthe," with many letters
from distinguished individuals in the reigns of
Elizabeth and James, as well as others from
obscure persons, but valuable from the light
which they often throw upon the peculiari-
ties of the age.

The following letter addressed to the son of
Sir William More, from Simon Tripe, a "learn-
ed physician," is characteristic of those days,

when not even a diet drink was to be taken, unless there was a favourable aspect of the planets. How delightful must it have been for a patient to be told, that no skill of the physician could possibly avail him "until Wednesday come sevenight at the nearest."

Mr. George More, I am hartely sorry for the suspected mischance happened at Loseley, but I hope there is more feare than hurt, and yet in these causes good to mistrust the worst. As for my comming to you upon Wensday next, verely my promise being past to an old pacient of mine, a very good gentlewoman, one Mrs. Clerk, w^{ch} now lieth in great extremity, I cannot possibly be wth you till Thursday. On Fryday and Saterday, the signe wilbe in the heart, on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in the stomacke, during w^{ch} tyme it wilbe no good dealing wth your ordinary phisicke untill Wensday come sevenight at the nearest, and from that tyme forwards for 15 or 16 dayes passing good. In w^{ch} time yf it will please you to let me understand of your convenient opportunity and season, I will not fail to come along presently wth your messenger. Howbeit, yf this tyme be not supplied by some other in the meane space, I had rather it should be 2 or 3 dayes after Michelmas, because now I am utterly unfurnished of horses, and cannot hire any for money, but such jades as will not carry a man 10 miles out of y^e towne wthout tiring; and I meane now at Way Hill Faire, w^{ch} shalbe at Michelmas, to store myself againe for my owne saddell at the least. And so, praying you to take my just excuse in good part, and to remember my humble commendacions to your selfe and all the good company at Thorpe, I commit us to God. Winton, Sept. 18, 1581.

Your worships assured lovinge frind,

SIMON TRIFFE.

To the worshipfull my very good frinde Mr. George More at Thorpe, these be d'd.

The two following letters from Mrs. Wolley, who was one of the ladies of Elizabeth's privy chamber, are worthy transcription; they show the difficulty of a courtier keeping his standing, and the gifts, and compliments, and professions of "dutiful service," which not merely the queen, but each of the leading personages at her court required. In the second letter, the reader will observe the extravagant compliment which Elizabeth pays to Sir William More—a corroborative proof, it seems to us, that the equally extravagant compliments paid by her courtiers to her, were not, as Hume fancies, incense offered to her vanity alone, but in great measure the result of that exaggerated style of expression, the "Euphuism" of the day. The praise bestowed, in Cymbeline, on Imogen's "neat cookery" too will probably occur to the reader, when he finds a lady in immediate attendance on the "queen's majesty," preparing with her own hands a supper for the great Lord Burghley, when confined to his chamber by the gout.

Syr, The daye you went from the Courte at night, her Ma^{ties} dyd enquire of me for yo^a and was sorye, when I told her that yo^a were gon home to your owne howse, that you had so troublesome a journey, w^{ch} if her Ma^{tie} had knowne you would have taken that nyght, she would have had a lodging provided for you, beinge lykewyse sorye that she had no longer tyme to entertayne yo^a. Yesternight in the eveninge her Ma^{tie} went abroade a hawkynge, and Sr Robert Cyccill's hawkie killed three partriches, w^{ch} he presented the Queen wth, and myself being in place, her Ma^{tie} gave them me, wth expresse charge that I should send them to yo^a this daye against dyner, desyryng you to eatte them for her sake. Since, Sr Robt Cyccill begged them of me, w^{ch} I could not deny him of, I have sent this messenger of purpose to yo^a, praynge yo^a to take knowledge

of the receypte of the partryches, and to certify yo^a of this her Ma^{ties} greate care of yo^a, to the end that yo^a maye, by yo^a I're wrytten to me, take notice of this her highnes' good affec^{on} to yo^a, w^{ch} I would have wrytten somewhat breef, that I maye shewe yt to her Ma^{tie}. *She hath commaunded me to send for my sonne; notwthstanding if yt shall please you to forgett yt, I meane to forgett also to send for him.* In the mean tyme I praie yo^a to gyve charge that he may practise his Frenche, for feare her Ma^{tie} shall call to me for him agayne. She sayeth she will pose him in his learnynge. I pray yo^a therefore to cause Mr. Pyke to see him take paynes between this and then. So praying you to comend me to my brother and the rest of the good compayne there, wth remembrance of my dutye, I humblye take leave. At the Court, this xviijth of September, 1595.

Yo^r loving and obedyent daughter,

ELIZABETH WOLLEY.

To the right worshipfull my very lovinge father, Sr Wilm Moore, knight at Loseley.

Sr, Yesterdaie I sent Nicke to London to see how yo^a did, thinking yo^a had taken phisike. I am verie glad to heere you are so well after your long and wearie journeye, I pray you shorten yt at your next going to London, and lye all night at Pirford. Synce my commynge to the Corte I have had manie gratiuous wordes of her Ma^{tie}, and manie tymes she had me welcom wth all her hart, evere since I have waited. *Yesterday she wore the gowne you gave her, and toke thereby occasion to speake of yo^a, saying er long I should find a mother-in-lawe, w^{ch} was herself, but she was affrayd of the tow wydows that ar ther wth yo^a, that they would be angrye wth her for yt, and that she would gyve thousands poudes you were twenty yeeeres younger, for that she hath but fewe suche servauntes as you ar, w^{ch} many mor gratiuous speeches both of your self and my brother, w^{ch} is too long to write, and therefor will leave to tell you when we meete.* My Lo. Admyrall came to me and bad me welcome wth all his harte, and tould me he had seene you, willing me to comaunde him in any friendshippe he can shewe unto me. I thought good at this time to use no further speeches unto him. I went to my Lo. of Buckhurst and gave him humble thanks for his kind usage of yo^a, he did assure me he would be a most faythfull freind both unto yow and to myself, sayinge, if he could be assured of my friendship, he had rather have yt than any other lady that serves in the place, w^{ch} I did assure him of. My brother is verie much bownde and beholding to my Lo. Chamberlen and my La. Warwicke, I will tell you wherefor when I see yo^a next. Thus hetherto I have had a good beginning at Cort, and have no doute but to contynue yf frends be constant; if they faile it salbe thorough no desarte of myne, *for I will lye very warillie amongst them.* The Queene, as she sayeth, will dine wth my lady Edmonds on Tuesday nexte, and retorne again at night, w^{ch} I can hardlie believe; if she doe, I meane to wayte upon her. My Lord Thresorer lyes heere very ill of the goute, and cannot stir hand nor foote, nor feede himself, the goute is so in his hands. I thinke he will not be able to go to London this weeke. My Lord Chamberleyn advieth me to send hym a few partriches, w^{ch} I knowe not where to gett anye; yt might please yow to send me som, yf never so fewe; about me ther is not anye to be gotten. *I mined one myself and sent him this last night, by the advise of my lord Chamberleyn, w^{ch} he made his supper of.* So humblye praying to commend me to my good brother and the rest of my freindes there, wth remembrance of my dewtye, I comytt us all to God's hollye protection. from the Cort, this Sundaye mornynge.

Yo^r loving and obedyent daughter,

ELIZABETH WOLLEY.

To the right worshipfull my very loving father, Sr William Moore, knight, at Loseley.

But the most interesting portions of his collection, in an historical point of view, are the letters addressed to Sir William More by different members of the Queen's council, respecting the measures to be taken at the period when the nation was threatened with the Spanish Armada, and those also addressed to his son Sir George More, by King James's council, and the King himself, when, as Lieutenant of the Tower, he had the custody of the Earl and Countess of Somerset previously to their trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Of this most disgraceful episode in a most disgraceful reign, Mr. Kempe gives a very correct epitome, and introduces four letters, autograph and confidential, from the King to Sir George More, which in the absence of all additional corroborative testimony, would, we think, abundantly prove that James had most urgent reasons for preventing the disclosures which Somerset fiercely threatened he would make. These letters, four in number, were found carefully preserved in an envelope, on which was the subjoined note:—

"These 4 letters were all of Kinge James his owne hand wryghtinge, sent to Sir George More, Liffenant of y^e Tower, (beinge putt in to that place by his owne apoyntment, without y^e privyete of any mann,) concerninge my Lorde of Somersett, whose beinge in the Tower, and heringe that he shold come to his arayngment began to speake bigg wordes touchinge on y^e Kinges reputation and honour. The Kinge therefore desired, as much as he cowlde, to make him confes the poysoninge of Sir Thomas Overbury, and so not to come to his arraignement, but to cast him selve on his mercy. But beinge a courtiour and beaten to these courses, wold not; fully imagininge that the Kinge durst not or wold not bryng him to his tryall. The gentlem^a y^e Kinge sent in one of y^e letters to my Lord wase Walter James, somtime my Lorde's secretarye. But y^e Kinge, although he was the wisest to worke his owne endes that ever wase before him, for all that cowlde not worke on Somersett. But that he ever stode on his innocency, and wold never be brought to confes that he had any hand with his wyfe in y^e poysoninge of Overbury, knewe not of it, nor consented unto it."

The haughty bearing of Somerset, when, at length, after three months apparently most unnecessary delay, he was told he must prepare for his trial, and the "bigg wordes" which he uttered—words which Weldon declares to have been "I shall not go to my trial, nor dare the king bring me to any," and the agony of fear which James suffered during the continuance of it, prove that the now discarded favourite was certainly in possession of some important secret. Weldon farther relates, that Sir George More, although it was midnight, upon hearing the threats of the prisoner, took boat and proceeded to Greenwich, where, on his arrival, finding all the household retired to rest, he went to the back stairs, and awakened one of the grooms, assuring him that although the king was asleep he must have instant speech of him; and that the king, on hearing his account, exclaimed—"On my soul, More, I know not what to do. Thou art a wise man; help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou servest a thankful master." The general correctness of this statement seems confirmed by the following two letters, in which James, laying aside all pretensions to kinglycraft, absolutely supplicates his lieutenant of the Tower, to use his influence with a prisoner about to be put on

his trial for murder, to prevent him from charging the king as an accomplice! What man, however cowardly, unless he were also guilty, would ever have so degraded himself?

"Goode Sir George,
"As the onlie confidence I had in your honestie made me, without the knowledge of any, putte you in that place of truste quihiche ye nou possesse, sa muste I nou use yourre truste and secrete in a thing greatlie concerning my honoure and service. Ye knowe Somersette's daye of tryall is at hande, and ye knowe also quhat faire meenes I have used to move him, by confessing the trewth, to honoure God and me, and leave some place for my mercie to worke upon. I have now at last sent the beareer heerof, an honeste gentleman, and quho once followid him, with suche directions unto him, as, if thaire be a sponke of grace left in him, I hope thaire shall worke a goode effecte. My onlie desyre is, that ye wolde make his convoie unto him in suche secrete as none living may knowe of it, and that, after his speaking with him in private, he may be returned bakke againe as secrete. So, reposing myself upon your faithfull and secrete handling of this businesse, I bidde you hartlie fairwell. JAMES R."

"Endorsed in Sr George More's hand,
"9th of May, about one of the clock
in th' afternoone, 1616."

Goode Sir George,—"I am extremlie sorie that your unfortunate prisoner turnis all the great caire I have of him, not onlie against himselfe, but against me also, as farre as he can. I cannot blame you, that ye cannot coniecture quhat this may be, for God knowis it is only a trikke of his ydle braine, hoaping thairby to shifte his tryall; but is easie to be scene that he wolde threatin me with laying an aspersioun upon me of being in some sorte accessorie to his crime, I can doe no more (since God so abstractes his grace from him), then repete the substance of that letre, quihiche the Lorde Haye sent you yesternight, quihiche is this: if he wolde writte or send me any message concerning this poysoning it needis not be private; if it be of any other businesse, that quihiche I can now with honoure resave privatlie, I may doe it after his tryall, and serve the turne as well; for excepte after his tryall or confession praecede, I cannot heare a private message from him, without laying an aspersioun upon myselfe of being an accessorie to his crime, and I praye you to urge him by reason, that I refuse him no fawoure quihiche I can graunte him, without taking upon me the suspicion of being guiltie of that crime quhairf he is accusid; and so fairwell.

JAMES R.

Now, what could be this "other businesse" which, after the trial, might "serve the turne as well," except the promise of pardon, provided Somerset did not disclose that secret, whatever it might be, which James so dreaded? But Somerset persisted in his haughty carriage, and as his trial proceeded, threw out most significant threats; and then James wrote the following letter, the fourth, which affords a strong corroboration of that part of Weldon's statement, which affirms that Sir George More kept two servants at hand during Somerset's arraignment, with a view to smother his voice, and carry him away from the bar, in pretence that he was distracted, if he ventured to utter anything to impeach the king.

Goode Sir George,
"For ansoure to your strange newis, I ame first to tell you, that I expecte the Lorde Haye and Sir Robert Carr have bene with you before this tyme, quihiche if thaire have not yett bene, doe ye sende for thaire in haste that they maye first heare him, before ye saye any thing unto him, and quhen that is done, if he shall still re-

fuse to goe, ye must doe yourre office, excepte he be ether apparantlie seiker or distractid of his wites, in any of quihiche eacis ye maye acquinte the Chancellaire with it, that he may adorne the day till Mondaye nexte, betwene and quihiche tyme, if his sikenesse or madnesse be counterfitted, it will manifestlie appeare. In the meane time, I doute not but ye have acquainted the Chancellair with this strainge fitte of his, and if upon these occasions ye bring him a little laiter then the houre appointed, the Chancellaire maye in the meane tyme protracte the tyme the best he maye, quhom I praye you to acquainte like wayes with this my ansoure, as well as with the accident, if he have saide any thinge of moment to the Lorde Haye, I expecte to heare of it with all speede; if other wayes, lett me not be troubled with it till the tryall be past. Fairwell.

JAMES R."

"Superscribed in another hand,
To or truste and weel beloved Sr George
More, knight, of leutenant of of Towre
of London."

In the whole of this there is certainly a great mystery; and from the characters of all those concerned in it, doubtless a "mystery of iniquity." Popular feeling, at the time, almost openly declared that it was the poisoning of Prince Henry, in which Sir Thomas Overbury was an agent. Various authentic documents, and especially the full and minute statement of the physicians in attendance, amply refute this opinion; and while we cannot doubt that James had most important state reasons for closing the mouths both of Overbury and Somerset, we are still completely in the dark as to what these reasons were. The valuable work of Professor Raumer has thrown much light on the character of James and shown him in colours darker than even his bitterest opponents ventured to delineate him. It is not improbable that farther researches among the same valuable stores, may bring this closely concealed secret also to the day.

The Book of the Story-Tellers.—[*Le Livre des Conteurs.*] Vol. VI. London: Dulau.

"GREAT cry and little wool," is the order of the day with the class of writers engaged in the very oriental business of amusing the unamusable. Formerly, the problem of fictitious narrative was to abstract from a "story" of the simplest construction, the greatest possible amount of passion and of interest. The very reverse is now apparently the rule in France; for authors write as if their object were to obtain from the most extravagant and horrible premises, the most lame and impotent conclusion. The rage of the day is for short tales; but even our own English publishers, who stipulate for the orthodox three volumes, would rather they were made up of several pieces than of one. This mode of doing business flatters the idleness, or favours the exhaustion (as the case may be) of the writer. The narrow circle in which he is compelled to turn, admitting of no detail, his knowledge of the heart, his acquaintance with humanity, are but little called upon; a bold sketch, or a melo-dramatic situation at most is expected from him, and whim and caprice will serve him better with his readers than either feeling or philosophy.

Still, there is no species of writing that requires greater genius for its due execution than the short tale. In proportion to its brevity, it should be quintessential; what it

wants in weight, it should supply in polish. Critical powers of great variety are required to give the necessary harmony and proportions to the several parts of the miniature structure; and, above all, there should be a felicity of style in the execution, such as none but the very elect have a chance of possessing.

The French, of all nations, have shown the greatest aptitude to this species of composition; and yet the number of their *chefs-d'œuvre* might be counted on the fingers. Cagotte, Boufflers, and Voltaire, were each masters in their several ways; but Marmontel, who possessed simplicity, was utterly deficient in nature; and his 'Moral Tales,' are as purely conventional in their life, as they were in their morality. They are fit only to dramatize for the Opera Comique.

The consequence to be drawn from these preliminaries is, that the number of such productions in the world is not great, and that a compressed novel will not make a good tale; of which verities the contents of the volume before us will afford some illustration. It consists of four tales, 'Melmoth Reconciled,' by De Balzac; 'The Day without a Morrow,' by Sandeau; 'The Wife of a Russian,' by Soulié, and Wilhelmina, by Foucher.

Of these, the second comes the nearest to the genuine French *conte* of the old school, and is written with the most ability. It is a love story in a single scene, the history of a passion that began and ended in one evening's ride; and is consequently composed of a number of minute pencil touches, of considerable delicacy and charm. It is an anecdote of early youth, told by a grandmother; and the circumstance gives occasion to a just remark on romance writing, which we extract for the benefit of the craft:—

You see, my friend, that in the exaltation of my sentiments, I approached pretty nearly to the types, which some thirty years later were to form the staple of our fashionable romances, and accordingly I cannot but like those horrible books, for the distant echo they bring with them of my youthful days. Only I wish that in these works, the productions of some suffering heart or diseased imagination, whose object is to paint life and represent its joys, its griefs, and its trials, the authors would sometimes be less true to its poetry than to its reality, and not always end in a paroxysm of passion. I should like occasionally to see those heroes and heroines, so pale, so fair, so brown, so beautiful, so fiery, and so ardent in the first chapters, taking, in the last pages, a good pinch of snuff in the chimney corner, and passing a judicious review of the extravagancies of their youth, while their bed is warming, and their cotton night-cap airing at the fire. Such a *dénouement* ably conducted, would very happily complete the sense of many of our modern novels, and would abound in moralities of all sorts.

This species of retrospect, if we could but get the young to believe it, would afford the best antidote to the illusions of passion. Of all the mysteries to man, the greatest is himself, when viewed through the vista of years. Nay, were it possible for two ardent, devoted lovers, (ready to go *per cades et ignem*, to the gratification of their dream), to behold themselves, such as they will appear to themselves at the end of a twelvemonth, when life shall have reassumed its ordinary train, and nursery-maids and house-maids shall have taken their place with the loves and the graces, we question whether Malthus would ever have received his mission.

But to return to our story, its greatest defect is, that it has a tragic termination; the 'morrow' being interrupted by the death of the hero. This is the more to be lamented, as a better catastrophe is prepared by the author, in the following few sentences of a conversation between the lady love and her husband:—

"Do you expect any one," he asked me with indifference.

"Yes," I said boldly, "I expect Monsieur Roger."

"What, little Roger?" said my husband, with an air of astonishment.

"Monsieur Roger," I said, with an air of dignity. "Do you know him?"

"Certainly."

"Then I cannot but be surprised. You seem to have set your heart on getting all the fools and bores of the town to your house; and have never thought, by way of compensation, of giving me sometimes the company of that young man."

"That is very well," said my husband, with the most perfect calmness; "your fools and bores have generally some speciality to recommend them; but this little Roger is so insignificant a creature, that it never entered into my head he could have afforded you even a laugh at his person."

Nothing could have been more pleasant, nothing more natural, than that a lady who, by the exaltation of a few hours' moonlight silence in the fields, and the romance of a poetic situation, had been seized with such a sudden paroxysm of passionate love for the little Roger, should have recovered her senses in daylight and drawing-rooms, and have discovered that her hero (which was very probably the truth) was "a boy" without "force or good quality"—(it is certain he could not sit his horse). Such extravagancies of the imagination are not rare in life; for if "nothing is, but thinking makes it so," we know of few things that have less of objective reality, than the creature of a good sound female passion.

Of the other stories, 'Melmoth Reconciled' is merely an illustration of the proposition, "that if poor Maturin had brought his Melmoth to Paris, he would have found no difficulty in providing a substitute to go to the devil in his place, for the consideration of a little money." 'Wilhelmina' is the filling out of a horrible tale, of the despotism of the Great Frederic of Prussia's father; and 'The Wife of a Russian' a caricature of Russian life and politics, which are sufficiently odious, without exaggeration. In one word, these stories belong to the literature of the day, as it exists in France; and enough is said to explain their merits and their defects.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1836.

The Forget-Me-Not.—As the Editor pertinently says in his preface, "It is scarcely to be supposed that, after performing the duty of ushering this work before the public for so many years, he should have anything new to offer on the subject;" and we, as critics, may echo his words—the 'Forget-Me-Not,' as concerns the tone of its contents, and the style of its illustrations, having undergone little or no change since we "came into office." Perhaps the illustrations are better this year than usual; they have rarely, if ever, numbered among them anything so speaking and piquant as Mr. E. Landseer's

'Actress at the Duke's,' a portrait of a very young lady in masquerade, beautifully engraved by Rolls. The other subjects have been supplied by well-known hands—Prout, the Miss Sharpes, and others. We must, however, particularize Hancock's 'Shepherdess,'—a country girl, with a small flock and a faithful dog, crouched in a delicious shady glade; there is a repose and nature in this simple design, which have made us turn to it more than once. Nor can we pass, without mention, Bone's more Arcadian 'Dance of the Peasants,' faint illustration though it be, (but where is the artist who could paint up to the poet?) of that loveliest of all pastoral scenes—the one in the 'Winter's Tale,' where Perdita distributes her flowers and her sweeter "grace and remembrance" to her disguised guests at the shearing feast. Here she is seen sitting by the side of Florizel, while Polixenes and Camillo are looking on.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever Ran on the green-sward. Nothing she does or seems, But smacks of something greater than herself, Too noble for this place.

Com. He tells her something That makes her blood look out.

But our remembrance of the most touching poetry ever penned, is leading us away from the book in hand, and from its contents, which are pleasant and varied as usual. We begin with one of those brilliant tales which the 'Forget-Me-Not' has always had to itself; then come some sweet lines by Montgomery of Sheffield, and Delta; after them an American sketch by Mr. Stone, and a legend of the olden time by Miss Lawrence. Besides these, we have verse by Miss Landon, ('The Confession' is one of her more carefully written and pleasing pieces,) a dramatic sketch by Mr. Serle, and a tale of the theatre in the racy old days of Nokes and Betterton, by Mr. Jerrold; Mr. T. K. Hervey's verses have appeared elsewhere, and Mr. Blanchard's are inferior to others from his pen that we have seen: there are also contributions from Mrs. Lee, Mary Howitt, the Ettrick Shepherd, the Modern Pythagorean, Dr. Bowring, and other well-known writers; but we shall extract, in preference to any of these, a fragment from a paper by Mrs. Erskine Norton, called 'The Chinese Visitation.' It is a description of a visit paid in the year 1812 by the Viceroy of the district lying south of Peking to one of the Company's ships lying at Whampoa. After many rumours and preparations, "the great, the important day" arrived.

"The chief officer of the *Warley* (says Mrs. Norton) stood upon his deck surrounded by the officers, several supercargoes and some of the first Chinese merchants of Canton, all in full dress: the band was at its station, and the collation prepared. At length the distant sound of the gong gave notice of the approach of the Viceroy: every ship sent off a boat to meet him, that of the *Warley*, under the command of her second officer, of course took the lead. They attained the bend of the river which concealed the Viceroy's boats from view, and turning it, were soon in contact with them. The first boat of the procession was that of the executioner, in which was erected a gallows, surrounded by soldiers armed with swords and whips; then came that of the Viceroy, attended numerously by others containing several mandarins, his household and troops, together with complete *depôts* of all that possibly he or his *cortège* might require. Nothing, by the bye, can exceed the comfort and order of Chinese boats generally; but those in

which persons of distinction travel are luxuriously fitted up. The *Warley's* boat, followed by the rest, was soon alongside that of the Viceroy: all the officers were received on board with much politeness; the doors were thrown open, and the officers, forming a line, with their companion of the *Warley* at their head, prepared to enter. He of the *Warley*, although young, was rather short and fat: in the anxiety of the moment to support with dignity and propriety the leading part allotted to him on this occasion, and for that purpose holding up his head in a becoming manner, he did not perceive a small ledge at the entrance of the cabin, placed along to support the doors—it tripped him up, and he came with a heavy, scrambling fall upon his face before the Viceroy. An irrepressible titter ran through the line, in spite of the almost painful efforts of each individual to restrain it: the disconcerted leader, however, found his feet, brushed his knees with his sleeve, and then, timidly looking up, met the grave and placid eyes of the old Viceroy, almost buried as he was among his silken cushions. What made the blunder more diverting was, that it was easy to perceive that the Viceroy and his mandarins were impressed with the idea that the Englishman had performed the *ko-tou*, although in rather an awkward and inexperienced manner.

"The *Warley* had of course her side ladder (a perfect staircase in point of convenience and safety,) ready: but the regal boat was no sooner alongside, than up ran several attendants with a ladder of their own, which they fixed and covered very expeditiously with carpeting. In the meantime, the chief officer descended in the boat, and received the Viceroy at the door of his cabin: after having made a very profound obeisance, he took him by the hand and helped him up the ladder. On his arrival on deck, all the Englishmen bowed respectfully: but the Chinese merchants, who had formed themselves into a line from the gang-way to a sort of chair of state, which had been placed in the centre of the quarter-deck, turned themselves round in silence, presenting a line of backs, decorated with plaited tails reposing on their rich robes of cloth and silk. One of them ventured to move his head round a little, and said, in an anxious undertone in English—"Leave go his hand, Mr. N—," but Mr. N— declined the hint, and having seated the Viceroy in his chair, bowed again, and took his station by his side.

"The dress of all the Chinese present was not only splendid, but, what we less expect to learn, was remarkably becoming. It consisted of the finest broad-cloth of the darker colours, chiefly crimson and puce, confined round the waist by a belt embroidered in gold or silver, with a clasp of precious stones: a large square of silk was laid on the breast and back, also richly embroidered with various devices, of which the *crane* was the most prevailing. The caps of the mandarins were peculiarly shaped, the higher part being composed of a profusion of thick silk threads, gathered and fastened at the top with a brilliant gem, differing in size and value according to the rank of the wearer. The military men wore in addition, one or two peacock's feathers drooping backwards; boots turned up, and square-toed, of black satin, very handsomely embroidered, completed the dress. The prevailing colour of the Viceroy's was yellow. Most of the Chinese present were tall and well-formed: the Viceroy himself was rather low in stature, and advanced in years.

"As soon as the Viceroy was seated, a pipe was presented to him by one of his attendants, while another filled it with tobacco, which was carefully renewed after every single whiff. For a few minutes a perfect silence prevailed. Mr. N— then gave the signal to the band, which struck up with a roll of the long drum. The old man started, and taking the pipe from his

mouth, inquired hurriedly what that was. He was told it was music by an English band. He had the good-breeding to listen with pleasure to our national air; but he whispered something to his interpreter, who, stepping round to the chief officer, told him that the Viceroy liked this music very much, but begged there might be no guns fired off while he was on board. * * *

"While the trays were preparing below, the Viceroy amused himself by conversing with a few of the backs and long plaited tails, that still kept the same immovable line, in which they had at first arranged themselves; he spoke to them by name, and seemed to be as familiar with them, as we are with the faces of our acquaintances; and had they changed places and turned round, he would probably have been at a loss to know immediately and exactly, which were the faces that belonged to such or such among his friends the backs."

This solemnity was succeeded by a sort of banquet; the great man then made the circuit of the ship; after which he departed. The tails then turned round, and their owners began to talk and frolic among the English, congratulating the captain and themselves on having enjoyed so much of the sunshine of his favour.

"Their glee was by no means moderated by the arrival of a large boat with presents from the Viceroy; presents indeed, truly oriental and imperial! twelve fine fat bullocks, several jars of wine, (a light acid wine, resembling claret, but inferior to it), tubs of preserves, a suit of clothes for each of the ship's company, and two suits, with a present of money for each of the band. A small, neat parcel, was handed to Mr. N——; it contained a silk purse of beautiful workmanship, and in it were two little gold pills; he was assured that this was a rare and highly complimentary present, and that the pills possessed some extraordinary virtues. Thus ended this Chinese visitation."

We must close our notice for this week with a passing mention of 'The Pearl,' an American Juvenile Annual. We have often said, that our friends on the other side of the water, are particularly fortunate in their labours for the profit and pleasure of the young; and this volume might be cited as a justification of our opinion: nay, older and wiser readers than those for whose use it is expressly designed, might consult its pages with advantage, and study 'The Young Teacher.'

Goethe's Correspondence with a Young Lady.

[Third Notice.]

It was not our intention to return to these volumes; but the vivid pictures they contain have, it appears, awakened considerable interest, and we are therefore induced to change our resolution, so far as to translate the following strange story. A few words of introduction will be sufficient.

The lady whose fate it records was the earliest friend of Bettine Brentano; and from her loss, it will be seen, arose the intimacy of the latter with the mother of Goethe. Her family name is not given: that she was of patrician descent is proved by our finding her, at the period of the tale, residing as a canoness, or *stifts-dame*, in a lay chapter at

* These institutions, many of which still exist in Germany, although strictly monastic in their origin, having by degrees become secularized, admit relatives or friends of the founder's family, or of the present patrons, unfettered by any obligation save that of celibacy. They are chiefly occupied by ladies of good family, but narrow fortunes, to whom they afford a refuge equally convenient and honourable. To those who desire seclusion they extend the privileges of a

Frankfort. Whether she had sought this refuge in consequence of disappointed love, or was driven to despair by some obstacle to the course of a returned attachment, does not exactly appear; it is sufficient for the reader to know that a sorrow of this nature preyed on her heart, and urged her to the dismal resolution, on the fulfilment of which depends the interest of the narrative. In the respective characters of the two friends, in the circumstances of their intimacy, and of their separation, we are presented with a picture which, although drawn from life, has all the colouring of fiction. The story was related by Bettine in a series of letters to Madame von Goethe.

The Story of Gunderode.

She was such a timid thing—a young canoness, that was wont to tremble when she had to say grace aloud: she would often say, that she felt afraid when her turn came; and hardly dared to utter the *Benedicite* aloud before the other canonesses:—our intimacy was delightful: it was to me the first epoch of self-consciousness. She had first visited me at Offenbach—she took me by the hand, and begged that I would call upon her in the city; after this we were together every day; with her I first learned to read books with understanding—she would fain have taught me history, but soon perceived that I was too much occupied with the present to allow the past to detain me long. How gladly I used to visit her! I could not miss her society for a day; every afternoon I went to her; when I arrived at the chapter-house gate, I would peep through the keyhole, at her door, until they let me in; her little dwelling was on the ground-floor, looking out on the garden; a silver poplar grew before the window; on this tree I used to climb while reading aloud, and at every chapter mounted one bough higher, and read it her from on high; she stood at the window and listened, and spoke with me as I sat above her, now and then she would say, "Bettine, do not fall!"

Now, for the first time, do I learn how happy I was in those days; for everything, however trifling, is impressed on my mind as the memory of an enjoyment. In all her features she was as soft and delicate as a *blondine*. She had brown hair, but blue eyes, shaded by long eyelashes; when she laughed it was not loud, but rather a soft, half-suppressed cooing, the distinct utterance of joy and cheerfulness; she did not walk, she *waved* to and fro, if you can understand what I mean by this expression; her dress was a robe, that enveloped her in caressing folds; this was owing to the gentleness with which she moved. She was tall—the outline of her person was too flowing to be described by the word slender; she was shy, and yet friendly, and far too unassuming to make herself prominent in society. On one occasion, when she dined at the Prince Primate's, with all the other canonesses, she wore the black dress of the chapter, with a long train, and a white collar, with the cross of the order; every one observed that she looked, amidst the other ladies, like a phantom—as if she were a spirit just about to vanish into air. She read her poems to me, and was as much pleased with my approbation as though I had been a whole public; I was full of vivid eagerness to hear them, not that I had seized on the meaning of what I heard; it was, on the contrary, an unknown element to me—and the smooth verses affected me like the melody of a strange language, which is grateful to the ear, although we cannot translate it. We read *Werther* together, and often conversed on suicide; she would say—"To learn many things,

convent without its miserable restraints. The inmates assemble in the choir and (at pleasure) in the refectory, and perform occasional service; but are not interdicted from society, or bound to observe continual residence.

to embrace many things with the intellect, and then die early!—I would not survive the loss of youth." We read of the Jupiter Olympius of Phidias, of which the Greeks said, that mortal had been cheated of the noblest thing on earth, who left it without having seen this image. Said Gunderode, "We must see it; we will not belong to those unfortunates, who thus have departed from the earth." We made the plan of a journey—invented our course and adventures, all committed to writing—our fancy was so active, that we could hardly have fared better in reality; we frequently read in the fictitious travelling journal, and delighted ourselves with the sweetest adventures, which were described as having befallen us—and the invention itself became at the same time a remembrance.

Here the narrator proceeds to describe the manner in which she was awakened to thought and reflection, by the discourse and letters of Gunderode, which, striking as originality dashed with wildness renders them, we must pass by, in order to proceed with the incidents of the tale. The effect of this instruction on a mind uncommonly sensitive and ardent, and expanded, as it were, in a moment, was dangerous to the neophyte.

I wrote to Gunderode, I know not what; she came at once to Offenbach, looked at me anxiously, made perplexing inquiries as to my health. * * * She said I should not remain so much alone, and took me with her to the city—ere a few days were over a fever attacked me: I lay down in bed and slept; at length I awoke, it was the fourteenth day since I first fell asleep: when I opened my eyes, I saw her slim figure moving to and fro wringing her hands; "But why do you weep, Gunderode?" I said. "God be for ever praised!" she cried, and came to the bedside, "are you awakened at last?" * * * From this time forth, she would not let me read any more philosophy, or write any more essays; she was firmly persuaded that to these my illness was owing. * * *

Here I broke off, and have not written for many days, it rose before me with such weight and earnestness—the anguish would not yield to thought; I am a child still—I cannot master the immeasurable. Meanwhile, they have been welcoming Autumn here; the vine-dressers, crowned with leaves, have brought the grapes down from the hills amidst joyous carols, and the haultboys went before, and all danced and sang. * * * I shall be alone with my own heart; even as to-day I stood alone by the river-side amidst the gloomy willows, where the shiver of death is still hovering over the spot, where the grass has ceased to grow; there did she wound her sweet body—in the very place where she had learned the heart may be most certainly reached. O Jesu Maria!

She told me little of her other concerns; I knew not in what relation she was placed except with me: she had, indeed, spoken to me of Daub of Heidelberg, and of Kreutzer also; but of neither did I know whether he were dearer to her than the other. Once I had heard of it from others, but did not believe it. One day she met me with a joyful air, saying—"Yesterday I conversed with a surgeon, who told me that it is very easy to kill oneself;"—she hastily opened her dress, and showed me, beneath her beautiful bosom, the spot: her eyes sparkled with joy. I stared at her; for the first time I felt apprehension and awe. "Well," I asked, "and what will then become of me, when you are dead?" "O," she said, "by that time you will no longer care for me; we shall not remain so intimate until then, I will quarrel with you beforehand." I turned towards the window to hide my tears, and my heart throbbing with anger—she had gone to the other window, and was silent. I glanced aside at her; her

eye was raised to heaven, but its ray was broken, as though all its fire had gathered itself within. After I had observed her for awhile, all self-control forsook me, and I broke into loud crying. I fell on her neck, and forced her to a seat, and placed myself on her knee, and wept many tears, and kissed her, for the first time, on her lips, and tore open her dress, and kissed her on the spot where she had learned to strike at the heart; and I implored, with tears of anguish, that she would have pity on me, and again flung my arms around her neck, and kissed her hands: they were cold and tremulous, and her lips moved convulsively, and she was quite cold, and stiff, and dead-pale; and could not raise her voice. She whispered, "Bettine, do not break my heart!" Oh! I strove to command myself, and not give her pain; I laughed, and wept, and sobbed aloud; she seemed to grow more fearful every moment, and lay down on the sofa. Then I tried to jest, and strove to convince her that I regarded all as a jest—we spoke of her will, she bequeathed something to each; and to me a little Apollo under a glass bell, which she had decorated with a crown of bays—I wrote everything down. On my way home, I reproached myself for my emotion, and persuaded myself that it was all mere sport. * * *

Once when I visited her, she showed me a poniard with a silver hilt, which she had purchased at the fair; she was delighted with the beauty and sharpness of the steel. I took the dagger, and tried its edge on my finger, the blood flowed at once, and she shuddered. I said, "O! Gunderode, you are so timid, and cannot bear the sight of blood, and yet constantly cherish an idea which implies the utmost resolution: I am certain, indeed, that I should be the holder of the two in any risk, although I could never kill myself; but I have courage to defend myself or you from peril; and now that I press on you with the dagger, do you see how you are terrified?" She retreated in alarm; my old anger was again roused; under the mask of the maddest wilfulness, I kept pursuing her more and more earnestly; she ran into her bed-room, behind a leathern chair, for refuge. I plunged the weapon into it, and tore it in pieces; the hair flew about the room, and she stood behind the chair, praying that I would not hurt her. I said, "Rather than suffer you to kill yourself, I will do it." "My poor chair!" cried she. "Your chair, forsooth! it shall make the dagger blunt." I gave it stab on stab without mercy, until the whole room became a cloud of dust, and then flung the dagger away, so far that it flew ringing under the sofa. I took her by the hand, and led her into the garden. In the vine bower, I tore off the young grapes, and threw them at her feet, and trod upon them, and said—"Even so do you abuse our friendship." * * * I looked at her, she appeared ashamed, and bowed her head, and glanced aside, and grew pale; we were both silent for a long while. "Gunderode," I said, "if you are in earnest give me a sign." She nodded.

During an excursion she made to the Rheingau, she wrote to me twice a few lines: on one occasion—"It is quite mournful to be alone by the Rhine, but when one has company the more awful spots are just the more pleasurable; but I like to greet the wide-spread purple heaven of evening alone: at these times I keep inventing a fairy tale as I go along, which I will read to you. Every evening I am curious to know how it will proceed; often it becomes quite gloomy, and then springs to the surface again." When she returned, and I wanted to read the tale, she said, "It became so mournful that I cannot read it; I cannot bear to hear any more or to write on; it makes me ill;" and she took, indeed, to her bed, and lay there many days. The dagger lay beside her, but I thought of it no longer; the night lamp used to stand near it. I entered. "Bettine, three

weeks since I lost a sister; she was younger than I; you never saw her; she died of a decline." "Why do you tell me this for the first time to-day?" I inquired. "How could it interest you, then? you never knew her; things like this I must endure alone," she replied, with tearless eyes. * * * She continued: "Three nights ago this sister appeared to me; she entered slowly, clad in white, and remained standing by the table; she turned her head towards me, and inclined it, and looked at me. At first I was afraid, but soon became quite calm; I sat up in bed, in order to convince myself that I was not asleep. I gazed at her, and it seemed as though she nodded assent to something; and she took that dagger in her right hand, and raised it towards heaven, as if to show it to me, and then laid it down again, quite softly, and without noise. Then she took the lamp, and lifted it up also, and showed it to me; and, nodding softly, as though to give me a sign that I understood her, she carried the lamp to her lips and blew it out. Only think," she said, with a shudder—"blew it out, and, in the darkness, my eye still felt her presence; then a great anguish fell upon me, which must be worse than the strife with death—yes, for I would rather have died, than bear this misery longer."

I had come to take leave of her, as I was about to set off for Marburg with Savigny; but now I wished to remain with her. "Go, by all means," she said, "because the day after to-morrow I am also going to the Rheingau," and so I went away. "Bettine," she called out to me as I was at the door, "remember this story—it is surely a remarkable one!" These were her last words.

The narrator proceeds to describe the period of her stay at Marburg, and the sportive correspondence which passed between her and Gunderode during a considerable part of her absence. At length her letters were unanswered; and her entreaties for some reply or explanation of this silence, were unavailing. On Bettine's return to Frankfurt, she found her friend had already arrived there.

I ran to the Priory, opened the door, and see—there she stood, looking at me! as it seemed, quite coldly. "Gunderode," I cried, "may I come in?" She said nothing, and turned away. "Gunderode! say but one word, and I am in your arms." "No," she said, "come no nearer; turn back, we must separate." "What does that mean?" "Thus much—we have been deceived in each other, and are no longer united." O! I turned away—the first despair—the first cruel blow is so terrible to a young heart! * * * I ran home to Meline, and begged she would go with me to Gunderode, to learn what she complained of, to induce her to grant me a moment's interview. I thought, if I can but once hold her with my eye, I will compel her to yield. I ran along the streets, and stood at the gate, letting Meline go in to her alone. I waited, trembled, and wrung my hands, in the little narrow passage that had so often led me to her. Meline came out with red eyes, and led me away in silence. For a moment grief had overcome me, but I recovered myself directly. Now, methought, if fate will not be courteous, we will even play at ball with her. I grew gay, even merry; it was over-excitement; in sleep I wept all night long. On the second day, I went past her residence, and then saw the dwelling of Goethe's mother, whom I did not intimately know, and had never visited; I went in. "Frau Rath," said I, "I wish to make your acquaintance; I have lost a friend in the canoness Gunderode, and you must replace her loss." "We will try to do so," said she.

* We need hardly here advert to the custom prevalent in Germany of addressing a lady by the title of her husband. Thus the wife of a councillor (Rath) is Frau Rath, or Rathin.

and thus I visited her daily, and seated myself on the stool beside her, and made her tell me all about her son, all which I transcribed and sent to Gunderode. When she departed for the Rheingau, she sent me the papers back; the servant that brought them said, the canoness's heart had beaten violently as she gave her the papers—and that to her inquiry, what message was to be given, she answered, "Nothing."

A fortnight passed over, and then Fritz Schlosser came; he asked me for a line to Gunderode, as he was going to the Rheingau, and was desirous of making her acquaintance. I said we had quarrelled, but begged that he would name me to her, and observe closely the impression it made. "When do you go?" I said, "to-morrow?" "No, in a week." "O, do you go to-morrow, or you will no longer find her—it is so gloomy by the Rhine," I said jestingly, "she may do herself some mischief there." Schlosser looked anxiously at me. "Yes, yes," I said, with petulance, "she will plunge into the river, or stab herself in sheer caprice." "Do not talk wildly," said Schlosser; and now I began to do so in good earnest: "Take heed, Schlosser, you will find her no more, if you keep lingering as you are wont to do; and I tell you, go to-day rather than to-morrow, and rescue her from her unseasonably dark mood;"—and, in jest, I described how she would kill herself in a crimson gown, with her corset unlaced, and a wound close beneath her bosom. This they called my head-long levity; it was, however, an unconscious exaltation, during which I described the truth with perfect accuracy. On the following day, Franz (Bettine's brother) came, and said, "My girl, we will go to the Rheingau, where you may visit Gunderode." "When?" I asked. "To-morrow." "Oh!" I packed up with precipitation, and could hardly wait till we should set off; but several days passed, and the journey was still deferred: at last all my pleasure in the journey was changed into deep affliction, and I had rather have remained behind. When we came to Geisenheim, where we stayed all night, the maid, while laying the cloth, said, "Yesterday, a young beautiful lady, who had been living here for six weeks, destroyed herself near Winckel; she walked for a long while by the Rhine, then ran home and fetched a handkerchief; in the evening she was sought for in vain; next morning they found her on the bank among the willows. She had filled the handkerchief with stones, and bound it round her neck, wishing probably to sink in the Rhine, but as she stabbed herself she fell backwards, and thus a peasant found her lying by the Rhine." * * * At first I had not heard her, but at the close I listened with the rest, and cried out, "That is my Gunderode!" They tried to persuade me I was mistaken, and said it must surely be some other, as there were so many from Frankfurt in the Rheingau. I allowed myself to believe so, and thought such prophecies are commonly just the reverse of the truth. At night, I dreamed she came towards me in a boat decked with garlands, in order to be reconciled with me; I sprang out of bed, and into my brother's room, crying, "It is all false, I have just dreamed so vividly!" "Oh!" said my brother, "do not build on dreams." Again I dreamed I was going rapidly in a boat across the Rhine, to seek her; at once the water became turbid and weedy, and the air grew dark, and very cold. I landed on a swampy shore; there was a house with streaming walls, from which she came floating forth, and looked at me anxiously, signifying that she could not speak with me. I ran again to the room of my brother and sister, and cried "No! it is certainly true, for I have dreamed that I saw her, and asked her, Gunderode, why hast thou done this to me? and she was silent, and bowed her head, and was sad, that she could not answer." Now, in bed, I reflected on everything, and bethought

me that formerly she had said, she would break with me before she executed her purpose,—now our separation was explained;—also, that she would give me a sign when her determination was ripe,—this, then, was the story of her deceased sister, which she told me half a year before; even then her resolve was taken! * * The following morning early, we went on up the Rhine. Franz had ordered the boat to be kept on the opposite side, to avoid coming too near the place, but there stood Fritz Schlosser on the bank, and the peasant who had found her; and the boatman unconsciously steered towards them, and thus was I forced to hear dismal fragments of the story, of the scarlet dress that was unlaced, and the handkerchief filled with stones around her neck, and the gaping wound;—but I did not weep; I was silent.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Proceedings of the Fifth Meeting of the British Association.'—This handsome quarto has been compiled and published by Mr. Hardy, of Dublin. "The difficulty and labour," he observes in the preface, "of giving anything like a correct report, when there were seven separate sections to attend, can be only estimated by those who have been engaged in such an undertaking." This apology is kindly put forward for those who did attempt to give such reports. We may further say, that, so far as we know, the *Athenæum* is the only journal to which it can apply. Mr. Hardy's difficulties and labours have been in a great degree confined to selecting and collating. To our reports Mr. Hardy acknowledges specific obligations in his preface, and in the progress of the work he further observes, "We feel it but justice now to add, that we have adopted other portions of the report from the *Athenæum*, considering them superior to the abstracts which we obtained from other quarters." Thus much in justice to ourselves. We have now great pleasure in stating, that Mr. Hardy has judiciously availed himself of time and circumstances, to make some valuable additions to the published reports, and that we consider his volume, illustrated as it is with maps, plans, and drawings, as the best account that has been or is likely to be published.

'Discourse upon Dante. [Ragionamento di Domenico de Crollis.]'—Another of the innumerable Italian commentators and expounders of Dante. We observe, that whilst Rosetti explains the celebrated line, over which so many critics have beat their brains,

Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe,
into a straightforward declaration, that his Holiness of Rome and Satan, Prince of this world, are one and the same person, by reading it thus,

Pap'c Satan, Pap'c Satan, aleppe,
Pope is Satan, Pope is Satan the prince,
and taking aleppe as an Italianized form of the Hebrew word Aleph, (prince,)—Crollis turns it into an olio of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French: as thus, *Pape* is the Greek and Latin interjection *Pape*; *Satan*, in Hebrew, means an enemy; and *aleppe* is an Italianization of *à l'épée*! which, it seems in Dante's time, the French used synonymously with *aux armes*! Whence it follows, that the line, being interpreted, means,

What! an enemy! What! an enemy! To arms!
'Cæsar and Pompey, a Tragedy. [Cæsar und Pompeius.]'—A classical tragedy, chiefly remarkable because in the romantic form, a novelty now-a-days, though not of old. Beginning with the senatorial apprehensions and factious cabals in Rome upon Cæsar's advance towards the Rubicon, this piece closes with Cæsar's regrets for Pompey's murder. The several characters are well portrayed, but not with any such peculiar power of discrimination, as to give new interest to a somewhat old, and often dramatized story.

'Songs of England and Scotland. Vol. II.'—This is a delightful volume, much superior in our opinion to the former. The editor indeed must have found his labour abridged by the enthusiastic nationality of Scotchmen, who have laboured zealously to preserve every fragment of the fine old ballads of their country, from "the dust of old oblivion." A well-written historical sketch, in which is gathered together many interesting relics of the earlier songs, introduces the collection very pleasantly; and the volume is worthily illustrated by a portrait of Allan Cunningham, and a vignette of Reynolds's 'Shepherd Boy.'

'Zarandi, a poem, in three cantos.'—A Moorish romance in the old heroic measure, and, like many other poems, most probably published for the satisfaction of the private friends of its author.

*'The Muse and Poetess, a Lesson from Nature; and other Poems, by Emily D****.'*—We are sorry to say, that the muse of this poetess is the muse of bad grammar.

'The British Constitution.'—An excellent summary of Constitutional History, and a candid statement of the advantages and disadvantages of the British Constitution.

'The Tourist's Companion from Leeds through Selby to Hull.'—This little book will serve the purposes of all those who wish to take the journey in question by rail-road or steam-packet.

'The Merchant's and Banker's Commercial Pocket Guide.'—A merchant or banker should not require the information contained in this neat little book; but to those entering the world of business it may be useful.

'Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland, by C. S. Stewart of the U.S. Navy.'—Written in a pleasant and popular style; we have no doubt these Sketches will be acceptable in America; but there is nothing in them to awaken attention in England.

'The Original.'—A new periodical which well answers to its title. It is written throughout by Mr. Walker, the police magistrate, who gossips pleasantly on all subjects, from pauperism and prison discipline, to the "art of dining," and the critical moment at which champagne should be served. The characteristic of the work is the straightforward sincerity of the writer.

'Ross's Hobart Town Almanack for 1835.'—This work necessarily comes before us a little out of date, if considered as a mere almanack, but, come when it will, it usually contains so much valuable information relating to the colony, that it is always welcome: indeed, if any one desires to be informed as to the state and prospects of Van Diemen's Land, we recommend him to get the half dozen volumes of this work, and study them attentively; he will soon find that even "an old almanack" has its value.

'The Surgical and Descriptive Anatomy of the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints, by W. H. Thomas.'—This is one of a very useful class of books, which are written to accompany the student into the lecture room, to furnish him with an abridged programme of the business of the day, to introduce him to the subject, and, by stripping technicalities of their novelty, to facilitate their reception and location in the storehouse of the memory. The anatomy of the bones and their appendages, standing at the very entrance of the temple of physiological and anatomic science, finds the pupil a perfect novice, and absolutely without previous conceptions, with which to compare the new ideas he is about to encounter. He is therefore in especial want of every possible assistance, in passing over this first and most rugged step in the career he has undertaken. Of this class of books, there is usually an abundance in the market; and, as they cannot possibly have a pretence to novelty of matter, they differ from each other in little more than the rela-

tive merits of arrangement. Even the presumed characteristic of Mr. Thomas's compilation—an union of the dry details of descriptive anatomy, with physiological and pathologic fact, and surgical application, is not original. It was practised by Mr. Abernethy in his lectures, and has, we believe, since been adopted by teachers ingeneral. This universal agreement is, however, sufficient testimony to the propriety of adopting a plan so recommended. The volume, therefore, will probably take its place with the many other "Student's Assistants," and find a ready sale among the pupils of the year. We have only to add one word of warning to the general readers of the *Athenæum*, against supposing that this, or any such volume, can by itself afford even the most general and elementary notions of a science, which consists altogether of facts, and cannot be studied in any other book than the great book of nature. It is only in connexion with the lecture room and the dissecting table that such publications possess the slightest utility. To purchase them, as independent and short cuts to science, to be read at odd hours, is to realize the story of the man who bought Punch for the sake of his wit and powers of amusement.

'The Practice in the Liverpool Ophthalmic Infirmary, being the first special Report, by Hugh Neill.'—The embodying a professional account of the practice of an eye hospital, in the report to its subscribers, is a useful and commendable novelty. From the earnestness with which the author defends publicity, we should imagine that his procedure has been censured by his rivals, as savouring of quackery; if this be so, it is a quackery of which he need not be ashamed. We shall be glad to see many such reports.

'On the Medical Properties of the natural order Ranunculaceæ, &c. by A. Turnbull, M.D.'—This is a sealed book to the general public. The medicines of which it treats have too much of the "gunpowder Percy" in them, to become the subjects of domestic tamperings. The profession will recognize in Dr. Turnbull's volume, industry and modesty; and they will not be the less disposed to give a fair trial to the remedies he recommends, because he cautions them "against expecting too much from their employment."

'The Medical Student's Guide.'—A useful work to medical practitioners, who have not been well instructed in the Latin language. It contains a good grammar, and a copious selection of exercises on prescriptions.

'Italian Education, [Dell' Educazione, &c.] di Nicoli Tommasco.'—*'Saggio Filosofico, &c. di Cecilia de Luna Folliero.'*—*'Faults of Italian Domestic Education, [Intorno ad alcuni difetti &c.] di Agostino Giacomuzzi.'*—*'Miss Edgeworth in Italian, [Prime Lezioni di Maria Edgeworth, traduzione.]'*—We announce these several publications, not because they possess any extraordinary merit, for, in truth, those that are not common-place, at least in this educating country, are somewhat fantastical; but because we rejoice to see such evidence, that the public mind in Italy is bestowing the much-needed attention upon this important subject.

'Reisender's German Master.'—A practical introduction to the German language; it will be found useful by students who endeavour to teach themselves, or who have received only limited instructions from a tutor.

'Wicks's Practical School Grammar.'—One of the works that induce us to wish for the return of the days of Henry VIII., when the compilation of new grammars was prohibited as a nuisance.

'The Child's Guide to Knowledge.'—Whoever loves his child will choose a guide possessing a greater development of the organ of order. Such a jumble of subjects we never saw before.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

MADRIGAL.

The mountain winds are winnowing
The primrose banks along;
From bush to brake the wild birds sing;
The rannel-brook, sweet murmuring
Thro' flowery meadows flush with Spring,
Dances to his own song.

The sun darts thro' the forest gloom,
And gilds the mossy stems;
The gray rocks buried in the broom
Peep from their yellow-waving tomb,
And hawthorn bud and heathy bloom
Scatter the ground with gems.

See! in the sharp wind, blossom bare,
The glistening holly glows!
The wild-rose stands with virgin air
Blushing at her own beauty rare;
And lily, still more fearful fair,
Scarce her white bosom shows!

Hark! in each honey-bed you pass,
The burning hum of bees!
The ant-hill swarms, a rustling mass!
While in the brittle, singed grass,
Dan Sol doth break the cricket's glass
And drinks the dewy lees!

To sorrel beds the conies stray,
The goats to upland sheen,
With mossy horns the wild deer play
Twisting their heads in quiet fray,
The white lambs browse and bounce away,
The ox lies on the green.

O Ranger of the sunny hills,
How blissful it must be,
Amid the steepy rocks and hills,
Where Joy his horn of amber fills,
Fresh as from heaven the dew distills,—
To live awhile with thee!

G. D.

POETRY AND PROSE.

Our life is divided between poetry and prose; or, to speak more critically, we have a two-fold existence, the poetic and the prosaic, for we may take two views of life and the things of life, viz. a prose view and a poetic view. The former regards the mere physical life, the visible, the gross, the tangible; but the latter has to do with the imagination and the affections, mixed up with a little of what some people would call dreaminess—by the way, dreaming is pure poetry—softening down the harshness of reality, as distance beautifies the landscape. The Past is poetry; hence the pleasures of memory, for it is delightful to remember what it was not delightful to experience. The Future is poetry; hence the pleasures of hope—which

Bids the lovely scenes at distance hail!

The Present also, by the instrumentality of fancy, may become poetry; hence the pleasures of imagination. Distance of time and distance of place produce, as every one knows, nearly the same effect. We make much of an old acquaintance whom we have not seen for twenty or thirty years; and, as Sterne observes, a neighbour, whom we hardly notice at home, we should greet most cordially if we met him rambling among the pyramids of Egypt. This effect is exactly the converse of the saying, that familiarity breeds contempt. We are creeping into metaphysics, but there is no help for it, and we shall soon get out of them again; here, now, we are led into the difference between poetry and prose. Poetry is distant, formal, reverent,—prose is familiar, free, how-d'ye-do-ish; hence we see why ludicrous poetry is of all forms of composition, most ludicrous, viz. from the strong contrast between the habitual and essential reverence of poetry, and the familiar laughiness of quizz and joke. Hence, also, we may come to

know how it is that poetry is at a discount in the present day; it is in consequence of the great quantity of *knowingness* that prevails: we are familiar with everything, therefore we reverence nothing—

The sea, the sea, the open sea,

is not a very poetic object to the people who keep bathing machines at Ramsgate or Margate.

Poetry at the present day is also at a discount, because men's minds are not in general reverentially disposed:—there is a spirit of rude investigation abroad; and when a whole nation resolves itself into a general court of inquiry, there is little inclination for the embellishments of poetry. Inquiry has its eyes open, and its heart closed,—poetry closes its eyes and opens its heart. Inquiry comes close to its object, poetry sees it to most advantage at a distance. Inquiry is calculating, poetry is uncalculating. Inquiry is suspicious, captious, and ever on the look-out for faults and imperfections; poetry is confiding, gentle, seeking for beauties, making beauty still more beautiful, and, like charity, covering a multitude of sins. I think that the late William Hazlitt said, that poetry was essentially aristocratic and right royal—now, as the present popular feeling is somewhat anti-aristocratic, poetry is not in very high repute. Poetry has never flourished much in republics. I do not say that persons living in a republic have never written good poetry, but the community has not heartily enjoyed it. The author of *Paradise Lost* was a republican, but that poem did not come into universal repute till the courtly days of Queen Anne. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was an age of poetry; and of our modern poets, the two most popular were a lord and a tory. It now requires a very high and lofty spirit to command attention to poetry: there is no absolute or constitutional incapacity for enjoying it, but there is an accidental inaptitude to receive it. We may be a people of very good capacity, but we are not a capacious people; we cannot receive many things at once, nor anything long; we must have our wonder of the hour, and it must not last longer than the hour.

Poetry and prose are in every thing, just as we may happen or fancy to view it. In one of Crabbe's poems, called 'The Lover's Journey,' the lover is described regarding with admiration and poetic rapture the scene through which he travels in hope; but as he returns in despair, the selfsame scene is viewed with the prosaic eye of dissatisfaction and disgust. This is the way with us all. When we are in a good humour, everything is poetry; but when we are sour, crabbed, and out of humour, everything is prose. Business is prose; pleasure is poetry, if we enjoy the pleasure heartily, otherwise nothing can be more prosaic than a party of pleasure. In truth, every man is his own poet.

But to revert again to the present unpopularity of poetry, there is in the world just as much poetic power and poetic capacity as ever, but poetry is not talked about—there is another topic to succeed to "How do you do?" When, however, that other topic shall be exhausted, and shall pall upon the appetite, poetry has a good chance of gaining a hearing again; and, inasmuch as there is now no taste for poetry, so a time may arrive in which there shall be no taste for prose. People now-a-days do not see the use of poetry, and there is a general opinion got abroad, that nothing is valuable that is not useful; and though the word *useful* is not very explicitly defined, yet there is a feeling that usefulness is confined to the material productiveness which regards the being and well being of the body. The earth is useful because it produces corn, and the miller is useful because he grinds the corn, the baker also is useful for he makes the flour eatable; sheep are useful because we can eat their flesh, and clothe ourselves with the fleece; and manufacturers are useful because they

prepare clothing for us; and so on, through the whole round of society, we shall find that utility very much depends, in the popular mind, on that which has reference to the being or well being of the body. A thorough-paced Utilitarian has little regard for any of the senses except the grosser ones of feeling and taste—and perhaps smell; he will allow the usefulness of what concerns these senses, but, as to hearing and seeing, he is somewhat indifferent—he cannot exactly see the use of Painting and Music; flowers look pretty, but then flowers are of no use. I have heard of a man who, looking at a bed of tulips, asked, "When will they be fit to eat?" He was a perfect Utilitarian. He had no apprehension of poetry—he was the petrified impersonation of utter prose. The decided Utilitarian, if he would acknowledge it, sees not the use of mind except as the instrument of minding the main chance. He considers eyes as made to save noses and chins, and ears as principally constructed with reference to cabs and omnibuses, and to give hints to get out of their way. If, however, with an effort of liberality he concedes that Painting and Music are elegant recreations and ornaments of life, yet still he sticks to the sensual side of non-sensualities: he prefers the painting that speaks merely to the bodily eye, and the music that addresses itself solely to the bodily ear. To the poetry of either the one or the other he is utterly insensible.

As, then, everything in nature has two sides—the prose and the poetic—and it now happens that the prose side is uppermost, the day may come when people, having inquired a little more minutely into the use of utility, shall give poetry the predominance, and it may be felt that poetry, so far from being the accident, is the essence of being. As every individual can regard the same object, at different times and under various circumstances, poetically and prosaically, so a whole people may fluctuate in its feelings and emotions—it may grow weary of the dulness of analysis, and the dryness of reality, and the brutishness of sensuality, and of the coxcombry of philosophicality, and may become imaginative and poetic. And then again it may be tired of cant, and declamation, and visions, and raptures, and so again sink down into realities and utilities. Such are the alternations of prose and poetry.

SKETCHES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY FLINT.

(Continued from p. 803.)

In grouping together the many scholars and writers among us, who aim not at the reputation of professional writers, but at being able on an emergency, or at their choice, to produce the best or at least the most laboured essays, we naturally recur to the writers of our reviews, a sort of writings, which seems to have reached Sancho's luxury, and become the superfine siftings, the "better bread than that which is made of wheat."

The *North American Review* was the gradual development of various minor reviews, which had previously existed. Its origin dates as far back as 1815. It has already extended to nearly fifty volumes. It has been sustained for the most part with great spirit, and English critics sometimes admit, that it does honour, not only to our country, but to the literature of the language. Its contributors are generally composed of the choicest scholars and writers of Boston and of Massachusetts. Its articles seldom dwell much in analytical criticism, but enter into abstract discussions of the subject of the book reviewed. It is much less bitter in spirit than the London and Edinburgh *Quarterlies*, but is at the same time more cold, exact, restrained, cautious—or as the French would say, *retenu*. Sometimes,

however, its gravity relaxes, and its matter is sufficiently mordant.

Its style is, as near as possible, in the fashion of its English prototypes; in fact, it surpasses them in that peculiarity of modern writing, which may be called "The Review style," and in which it is itself transcended by the *Philadelphia Quarterly*. We might evade any attempt at a definition by calling it a *je ne sais quoi* grandeur, an indescribable magniloquence; a sort of stately rounding of long sentences, full of doubts, and intermediate members, and subjunctives, with a touch of oracular ambiguity, raising the impression, that the writer wore a presentation dress, with a wig, and so much fur and robe and furbelow and velvet, as to make him resolve, feeling rather grand and incumbered himself, that the reader should not fail in due homage to his transient aristocracy, nor altogether escape helping him bear a portion of the burdensome title of magnificence. We have attempted to imagine the criticism which Dean Swift, and Oliver Goldsmith,—so direct, so transparent, so beautifully simple in their style,—would have passed upon this modern review writing.

Among those who have conducted this respectable Quarterly, Jared Sparks deserves a high place. Like Edward Everett, who has also edited this journal, he was originally a Unitarian clergyman, and probably in that profession acquired the habit of bestowing severe inspection and carefulness upon his writings, which are rather distinguished by judgment, accuracy, and directness, than brilliancy of imagination. He has attained a high and deserved reputation, as the editor of various useful works, and has acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the public, as the collector and publisher of the unedited correspondence of Washington, and other diplomatic writings of the period of that great man. It would be easy to name other scholars, who have filled a large space in public estimation as writers, that have been co-editors, or chief contributors for this journal, and who would deserve ample mention in a more extended view of our subject.

The other Review, the *American Quarterly*, of Philadelphia, has been of much more recent establishment, not having existed more than five or six years. It has also had the reputation of being ably sustained. The writing aims to be more magnificent than that of the *North American*. In reaching at courtly grandeur, it sometimes becomes sesquipedalian. Johnson and Parr are the models, not nature and simplicity. The department of poetry in this journal, is said to be peculiarly intrusted to a Doctor M'Henry, who has given it a most unenviable notoriety, by attempting to vilify the highest efforts of American poetry, particularly those of Bryant. Himself, the author of a wretched poem, we think, entitled, "The Pleasures of Friendship,"—either the dullest namby-pamby, or the undigested surfeit of stolen fragments of verse, so little disguised by having passed through his mind, as, when erected again, to bear, like the Botany Bay plate, the ciphers and marks of the original owners,—he has stood in the critical sewer, and successively besmeared and abused every good article of verse from the American press, and has only found praise for some poetry, of which the authors themselves have long since been ashamed. Neither the ancient Zoilus, the modern Lintot, nor any hero of the Dunciad, was more redoubtably terrible in the use of terms of abuse, than this same critic; and as we have good hope, that this our notice of the vilifier of Bryant will reach his eye, we do not despair of the only praise which such a mind can bestow, the outpouring of the whole of his copious vocabulary of terms of aspersion and contempt.

Of Mr. Walsh, the acknowledged editor of the *Philadelphia Quarterly*, no genuine friend of the literature of the country can speak in other terms

than those of respect. He is, in point of age, industry, perseverance, and amount of his various literary labours, the acknowledged patriarch of American literature. He writes with force and judgment, and has all the tact of long and ample experience in judging and writing. His taste seems to incline him to the style of such writers as Parr; and his preference appears to be state-likeness, rather than directness and simplicity. He has been charged with undue liking for England; yet his "Appeal," his most laboured and voluminous work, is a rather pungent vindication of the United States, against the aspersions of British writers and politicians. His editorship of one of the most extensively circulated gazettes in the Union, has done him great credit. It is rather surprising, that such a man would allow his name to be identified with Dr. M'Henry's, as co-editor. But he is said to be bitter, perhaps in consequence of temperament and the infirmity of ill health; and when offended, to be little restrained by moderation and a sense of justice. His offences must, in such case, be more rank than the other's; for when he allows himself to vilify merit, he must know what he is doing.

A Quarterly Review was commenced and sustained about two years at Charleston, South Carolina, with distinguished vigour and ability; and though some of the articles wore the stamp of pedantry and artificiality, others were eloquent, spirited, and deserving. The late lamented Grinké, and Cooper, president of Columbia College, were among the principal contributors. But although this work was highly honourable to the talent and learning of the southern country, that section of the United States has hitherto proved still less disposed to show permanent and efficient patronage to literature, than the middle and northern divisions. In regard to support, the work languished from the commencement, and soon died.

But we are admonished to hasten to the last division of these sketches, that of American Poetry. We consider the poetry of a country the best index of its literature, in fact, the only one by which the intellectual elevation of one country, compared with another, can be measured. However the language of poetry may have been the natural expression of thought in the first periods of the formation of society, and a form of writing anterior to prose, the order of things in modern time and society is reversed, and the elegance, the splendour and luxury of thought, stand in the same relation to the matter-of-fact writings of prose, as the perfection of the orders of architecture to the first habitations, in which shelter and convenience only were considered. Society must be far advanced before its members think of proceeding beyond the necessity of household thinking, to the creation of new worlds of idealism, in which the mind, basking in the luxury of meditation and repose, enjoys the eternal sunshine kindled from its own brightness, and exults in the contemplation of a new and more glorious order of things, more beautiful forms, and a higher moral aim, enriching the wearying sterility of the actual world, by the conquest of new heavens, and a new earth of the conceivable and possible.

We believe, that in just so far as a country is advanced in taste, in just thought, enlargement of mind, and kindness of feeling, it will generate and patronize poetry; for poetry, sprung from genius, enthusiasm and sensibility, is identified with virtue and religion—in fact, is but another form of the religious sentiment, is the band that unites the past with the future, the present with the absent, the living with the dead, the inspiration of friendship, virtue, magnanimity, high thought, and glorious achievement. Its world being purely ideal, its contemplations beautiful dreams, its objects foreign to the pursuits of interest and gain, the Utilitarian excludes it from his theory, the Owenite from his parallel-

grams, the modern man from his political economy, his corporate projects, absorbing selfishness, his locomotives and railways, his exact sciences and physical improvements. But every great country will create, love, and foster poetry; and, so long as it does this, cannot be verging to decadence. It being the highest expression of the noblest thoughts, where much good poetry is produced, there must be seminal elements of redemption, although the land may seem in mental and moral retrograde.

On the contrary, when poetry ceases to be the language of the imagination and the heart, in a country given up to avarice and corruption, too gross to allow scope to the imagination, too hardened and heartless to feel, as happened to Rome subsequent to the era of the Mantuan, poetry begins to take the stamp of puerile conceit, riddles, prettyisms, and smooth words without ideas; and whole stanzas are seen, which, submitted to the searching process of translation, leave no more ideas behind, than the paper, on which they were written, shows words after it has passed through the flames.

From the great amount of beautiful fugitive efforts that appear in our periodicals and newspapers, we chiefly deduced the impression, with which we commenced these sketches, that we possess an unusual endowment of capability, an uncommon proportion of mind, over which the finest gleams of inspiration pass with a power that, under every disadvantage, escapes in transient snatches of the pen, but which soon sinks under the adverse influence of everything by which it is surrounded, and only flickers for a moment to be either extinguished, or to take a new direction. The prodigious amount, too, of fugitive verse which we begin to see, turning upon nothing, tending to nothing, and ending in nothing but words and conceits, that rises round these finer efforts, like the autumnal morning fogs over our rivers, seems to us one of the signs of the times, that there is among us a strong tendency to decay and fall, before we are yet ripe.

But passing such reflections, let us for a moment contemplate the progress of American Poetry.

Our primeval age was one of sermons, and prose; and the matter of fact of cutting down trees, building cabins, and making enclosures, instead of indulging the imagination. Ecclesiastical tribunals church'd fair delinquents for cutting off the fingers of their gloves, and thereby exposing so much of their fair person as might prove an unholy leaven to the fancy of beholders. The first gloomy excursions of those times into the ideal world, discovered only witches and demoniacs; and nearly half a century elapsed, before our progenitors began to think much of poetry; and its first efforts were attempts to versify the psalms, after the manner of Sternhold and Hopkins, in a version entitled the "Bay Psalm Book." Yet even in the very earliest period of the history of Massachusetts, we find the amiable and gentle Roger Williams, the patriarch of Rhode Island, when cast forth into the untrodden wilderness by the persecuting spirit of the Puritans, who had only escaped persecution themselves to show that they had experimentally learned the lesson to practise it on others, cheering his solitary journey through the wild woods, as he sought the hospitality of the red men, in the following quaint verses, that we give for the curiosity of being the first poetry, except the version of the Psalms to which we have referred, produced in New England, which has come to our knowledge.

Lost many a time, I've had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree;
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company.
God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness;
His glorious name, while earth remains,
O that I may confesse.

He cultivated good faith and gentleness with the Indians, and reaped the natural fruit, kindness, in return, which he thus sings:

How kindly flames of nature burn
In wild humanity!
God's providence is rich to his;
Let none distrustful be.
In wilderness in great distress,
These ravens have fed me.

Hugh Peters, celebrated alike in the annals of New England and of the stormy period of the Republic of Cromwell, was a poet,—so far, at least, as occasionally to write verses; and we have before us a parting legacy in verse, addressed to his children, and written in view of his approaching execution. Michael Wigglesworth, too, wrote a poem about 1700, called 'The Last Day,' which had many editions. Phillis Whately, a negro slave belonging to a Boston lady of the latter name, at a period some years in advance of the Revolution, showed such a singular taste for poetry and making rhymes, that her mistress caused her to be instructed. Gentle, affectionate, docile, she gained the entire regard of her mistress, who raised her to a sort of equality and companionship in the family; and the sable devotee of the muses proved that learning and talent do not necessarily spoil a servant, for she remained as humble and obedient as before. Her verses, which have been printed, are only remarkable from the circumstances under which they were produced.

At that period, and even before, had commenced the extraordinary American development of a propensity for fugitive poetry. From that time to this, the Poets' Corners of the gazettes have always been filled with these efforts. It would not now be an easy task to rescue from oblivion these hundreds of names of votaries of the muse, who have perished with their works from memory. One name of that period remains, that of Mr. Alsop, of Connecticut, who was the poet of the day at the time of the Revolution. His taste seems to have been for satire; and the collection of his works makes a small volume.

The period subsequent to the Revolution commenced a new era in our literature, in poetry as well as prose. From that time we began to have writers, who, in common parlance, bore the name of poets, who showed higher flights and bolder aims than their predecessors.

Conspicuous among them is the venerable Philip Freneau, who opened a poetical vein of great spirit and beauty, and for a long period put forth effusions which bore the stamp of a chaste taste and an inventive mind. He was, if our recollection serves, (for we write entirely from memory,) the author of the beautiful lines on an Indian boy, who was sent to be educated at Harvard University. The lines commence with this stanza—

From Susquehanna's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came.

The piece charmingly describes the strange repulsiveness of the whole scene to the son of the forests—the unceasing craving of his spirit for his ancient haunts and pursuits; which, his education finished, he resumed the first time his soul expatiated on his return to the forests of Susquehanna's farthest springs. We do not know that an entire collection of his writings has been made. Certainly he does not occupy his deserved place in the thoughts of the American people as one of our first and best poets.

Trombull, of Connecticut, wrote, with various other poems, 'M'Fingal,' a poem in the manner of Hudibras, and in many places hardly inferior to that *chef-d'œuvre* of the doggerel satirical. Col. Humphrey, (the friend and aid of Washington during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards minister to Spain,) wrote, in conjunction with Hopkins, Barlow, and Trombull, 'The Anar-

chad.' He produced a number of fugitive poems on various subjects, which were rather respectable for their taste and composition, than for the manifestation of the true inspiration of poetry. Of the 'Conquest of Canaan,' and other poems, of Dr. Dwight, we have already spoken.

Among our poets, Barlow claims the honour of the first essay of attempting an epic in 'The Vision of Columbus.' An epic in ten syllable rhymes was, in itself, a preposterous conception. Such wearying recurrence of verses, the one matched to the other, from a rhyming dictionary, and formed on the sweet melody of Pope, without the tact and sense, needed not the machinery of the Pantheon, so ridiculous in modern poetry, nor the river god of the Delaware to aid Washington in crossing that stream to the victory at Trenton, to render it tiresome and burlesque. Notwithstanding, it was most vehemently lauded by some French critics (among them, one no less than the Abbé Gregoire), it died a natural death. Nevertheless, there are some beautiful passages even in this poem. Barlow had talent, and that of a respectable class. His 'Hasty-Pudding,' and other minor poems, evince it. In the earlier period of his writings, it was his fortune to be exalted to the clouds; and when at length the public mind had drunk into a higher taste, the re-action sank the estimate of his writings too low. Every one has heard the fate of this endowed man, once the theme of universal eulogy as a poet; and that, as American minister to France, he died under the severity of a Polish winter, while pursuing the steps of Bonaparte in those inhospitable climates.

Robert Treat Paine, of Boston, who fell so early and so much lamented, gave promise of high attainment in the line of lyric and patriotic odes,—some of his effusions of that sort, called forth on particular occasions, not having been since surpassed. Few who lived at the time can forget the poetic and patriotic enthusiasm with which, on the 4th of July, the people used to sing, 'Ye sons of Columbia,' &c. It was the *Marseillaise* Hymn—the 'Ça Ira'—the national ode of the time. 'Hail, Columbia! happy land,' was another national ode of his. Mr. Paine, had he known and improved his powers, would have proved a poet in the high and appropriate sense of the word.

But these, with a hundred other sons of song, whose names might be given, have passed away. We come to notices of those that actually exist, that walk in their brightness in efforts often repeated, or that scintillate for a few times in the *Gazettes* and *Souvenirs*, and retire. Let not the reader startle, when we assure him, that the names of these persons known to the public, as writers of verse, exceed two hundred!—not to mention at least two hundred more, who perpetrate anonymous efforts! Four hundred sacred poets, and yet incur the sneer of English critics as wanting a literature! We know not but England can show thrice the number, who assume to be gifted with song; but we doubt if any country ever possessed at one time twenty persons worthy of that high appellation. Confident we are, that while a few are called for, to elevate the tone of public thought, and inspire the enthusiasm of religion, virtue, and self-sacrifice, four hundred is a prodigious supernumerary corps. Not to be cheap, verse should not be common; nor desecrated by the intermeddling of every one that can string rhymes, under the error of supposing vanity inspiration. Neither gods nor men allow mediocrity in this walk.

It gives us pleasure to remark, that American poetry almost universally bears the stamp of purity and respect for the domestic virtues, for piety and religion. Our poets, as far as they have shown inspiration, evince that they are imbued with the love of goodness, truth, and beauty; that they have strung their lyres in the

exultation of the glorious hope of immortality; that they aim to purify public thought, rather than debase it; and that they have drunk from those perennial fountains that flow fast by the throne of God. Whether it result from respect for public opinion, or from a more elevated and chastened spirit in our poets, we cannot say; but it has not been our fortune to see bacchanalian or licentious verses of American origin;—a strange contrast of intelligence and delicacy, touching the great claims of morality and propriety, with the ribald and wanton disregard of all truth and decency that pervades almost the whole tissue of our transient party writings. Is it that men, who leave for an hour the scramble of gain and elections, feel, as they enter the consecrated haunts of the Muses, that they are bound to put off their shoe, as conscious that they stand in the public eye on holy ground?

[Here again we must make large omissions. Bryant, Dana, Percival, and the living poets generally, had full justice done to them in the former series.]

(To be concluded on Saturday next.)

* * On the 14th November will be published the first Paper on THE TURKISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by RITTER JOSEPH VON HAMMER.

MR. THOMAS HEAPHY.

THIS once fashionable artist died on Friday the 23rd. We are old enough to remember when the water-colour drawings of Mr. Heaphy were the 'admired of all beholders;' when the crowded corner in the then exhibition room at Spring Gardens, told surely enough where his pictures were hung. We are of opinion, that at that time Mr. Heaphy enjoyed more patronage than any artist of his day, excepting, perhaps, Lawrence; and there can be few of the collections of our nobility, in which his works are not to be found. The principal pictures are two of Fishmarkets; 'A Blind Man soliciting Alms;' 'The Cheat at Cards;' 'The Sore Leg;' the portraits of the late Princess Charlotte, Prince Leopold, and of Queen Caroline, to whom he was appointed 'Portrait Painter in Ordinary;' and a large picture containing portraits of the Duke of Wellington and about fifty field officers, the print from which is well known, though the original has never been exhibited.

Mr. Heaphy was, we believe, in his 60th year when he died. We know nothing of his family, and little of his early life. He was brought up an engraver, but soon devoted himself to water-colour painting, and was either among the founders or earliest members of the old Water Colour Society. He was, however, a somewhat intractable man; at least, we infer so, for he was always opposed to the Royal Academy—soon seceded from the Water Colour Society, and after lending a willing hand to the establishment of the Society of British Artists, of which he was the first president, he almost immediately withdrew from it. Since then indeed he has been little before the public. In 1831, he, for the first time visited Italy, where he made many admirable copies from the more celebrated works of art; and this may be considered as the close of his professional life.

Mr. Heaphy was undoubtedly a man of talent—he studied nature, and his works possess much simplicity and truth, delicacy of colouring and appropriate expression. But his talent was by no means exclusively confined to art, he was equally at his ease, whether quarrying for stone, constructing a pleasure-boat, building a house, devising an improved axle, or laying down a railway. Those who knew him in private life bear testimony to his worth.—He had many peculiarities, they say, and but few faults.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

We have little novelty to announce—less to remark upon; the novelty, however, (we allude to Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming novel of 'Rienzi') is one of such good promise as may content our readers, though it be the solitary rumour of the week. The historical work on which Mr. Bulwer has been long engaged, is, we hear, to be kept back for a time.—Mr. Hook's 'Apothecary' should be nearly ready; and we know of a third work of fiction in progress, perhaps in the press, the name whereof we must keep to ourselves for awhile—but which, if we, augur rightly, will prove worthy to bear company with the poetical romance of the first-named writer, and the broad and searching every-day rumour of the latter.

Laporte, we hear, has gone to Germany to seek for a *prima donna* for the earlier part of his next season, who is to sing well, and cost little. Success go with him—but, from what we hear, our hopes are not very sanguine; unless he brings us a certain Mademoiselle Van Hasselt, of whose powers and promise we heard a good account some months ago: or engage De Meric, the purest and most generally useful singer whom we have had for many years. Talking of the Opera reminds us that Madame Albertazzi, who made her *début* in Paris the other day, appears to have met with but little success, owing to her extreme timidity; and as we are in Paris, we may as well add, that Casimir Delavigne's new comedy, 'Don Juan d'Autriche' is said to be as fortunate as the former works which have proceeded from his hand.

We observe by the Italian papers that the History of Ancient Liguria and Genoa, by the Marchese Serra, lately published, has been compressed into a *pocm*, by Gian Carlo di Negro.

FINE ARTS

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall. Saunders & Otley.

THIS sumptuous book has, by its double nature, somewhat perplexed us; but as it is impossible even to touch upon the glorious names of the poets of England whose selected works form its contents, we will even put a strong rein on our pen—and, leaving them "alone in their glory," confine ourselves to the embellishments by which they are illustrated;—no less than fifty-three in number. The first thing in the book—a sketch by Mulready, from Chaucer, is much to our taste. The poet is gazing, enchanted, on the "world of ladies" whose "beauty grete" he immortalized in his legend of the 'Floure and Leaf.' The drawing has a quaint gracefulness, which suits its subject well.—Inskipp's lady in the coif, who presides over Hawes' 'Pastime of Pleasure,' is sweet and intelligent; she could hardly be mistaken for one of the beauties whose *operatic* charms and graces have set modern minstrels singing;—and it is no small merit to be able to cast off, as a garment, the affectations of these our days, when even science, as some one or other has observed, "is degraded by man-millinery."—Hofland's scene on the Thames, to illustrate the gallant Surrey's captivity in Windsor, is steeped in the luxurious calm of evening; and Goodall has rendered its spirit well. Indeed, the engravers who have laboured for this volume, as a body, deserve high praise.—Vere's 'Fancy and Desire' is charmingly illustrated by an engraving after Westmacott:—Gascoigne's 'Voyage into Holland,' by a shipwreck scene, engraved by Miller, after Wilson, which, we must say, (a rare case,) leaves the poem behind.—The dark-locked, meek-eyed lady, who presides over the verse of the accomplished Raleigh, is also worthy of her place. She owes her parentage (in reality, we

suspect, as well as art,) to Howard.—Lord Brooke's 'Treatise on Warres' is headed by a spirited group after Cooper.—Briggs has contributed a fine design to Drayton's Polyolbion.—To Shakespeare's Sonnets is prefixed a drawing of the dramatist himself, in his study, by Boaden.—We cannot pass the beautiful *rilievo* after Bailey, above the selections from Davies, without a word of praise.—Donne, the ultra-fantastic, is graced by another shipwreck scene, after Prout; and sweet, artless Psyche, by Sir William Beechey, smiles upon a fragment from one of rare Ben Jonson's 'Masques at Court.'—Perhaps the most beautiful landscape in the collection, is by Calcott—a scene of ruined temples on 'Egypt's river,' to accompany Drummond's 'Instability of Mortal Glory.' So poetical is it, that we can afford to pass the next designs which follow, till we alight in the chamber of Herrick's Julia—exquisitely portrayed by Cattermole. Who that has ever troubled or solaced himself with love-poetry can forget his delicious and fanciful song?—

Her eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the clives alsoe,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee.

Stanfield has taken charge of quaint, pleasant, old Quarles, and done his duty well in a scene of eastern ruins. But, to us, the gem of the book is, the illustration of Shirley's 'Death's Final Conquest,' by Wilkie. It shows the interior of an ancient church—gloomy, mouldering, and solemn,—with a faint light streaming down from a high window upon a funeral group.—Waller's 'Lines to a very Young Lady' have been appropriately mated with an engraving from Sir Joshua's 'Girl with a Dog;'—Milton's 'L'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' desecrated by an extravagant affectation, by McClise, in which the goddess of mirth points her toe and arches her figure like an opera-dancer; while the "goddess sage and holy" stalks away from her (and no wonder!) in an attitude of queenly scorn, no less theatrical. We regret to see a man of such undoubted talent as Mr. McClise make so ridiculous a use of his fancy.—Franklin's cupids on the battlements of a fortress, who stand at the head of the verse of that ruffling gallant Sir John Suckling, has restored us to good humour again: it is very graceful and spirited. Poor Liversedge!—the girl reading Hudibras's letter—a perfect Andry, with her smile of gaping, country pleasure, and her cloutery shoes—reminds us, that in one particular vein of humour we have lost a master who will not be presently replaced. Crashaw and Cowley are both of them gracefully illustrated: the first, by a Lady at prayer in an oratory, after Penry Williams; the second, by a river scene, after Cooke. Rothwell has contributed a Child basking on the grass in a garden, which Marvell's verses 'To T. C., in a Prospect of Flowers,' follow:—Stothard, a Venus rising from the sea—one of the most exquisite and poetical of his classical designs—to the poems of Sir Charles Sedley; and Sir Martin Shee, an infant Bacchus, to those of Rochester. Lastly, we must notice and commend Davis's lady on horseback, with the hawk on her wrist,—the concluding vignette of the volume, if we except the very pretty wreath of flowers which closes, as the other prefaces, the specimens of poetry of Mat. Prior.

And here we must close our hasty remarks. It is only fair, however, to add to what we have said, that the biographical notices added by Mr. Hall, to the several "gems" drawn from the large treasury of English poetry, are done in good taste. The volume, too, is worthily concluded by an all but perfect series of engraved autographs,—the few names that are wanting, not being to be found (we are told) in any of the most perfect collections.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE; after which (first time) a Comedietta to be called FORGIVE AND FORGET. On Monday, OTHELLO.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, PAUL CLIFFORD; after which PADDY CAREY; with THE IRISH AMBASSADOR. On Monday, JONATHAN BRADFORD.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, A new Melo-drama entitled WOMAN'S FAITH; after which A NEW FARCEITA; to conclude with THE MILLER'S MAID.

DRURY LANE.—This house, the public's "National Theatre," as, riding rough-shod over its half-price neighbour, it styles itself in the bills, has not reduced its prices. It has merely volunteered a *promise not to raise them*—this is something! It has been better attended than usual at so early a period of the season, and novelties on novelties are announced. A new melo-drama by Mr. Planché, called 'The Travelling Carriage,' was presented on Monday last, and favourably received. It is an agreeable performance, and will, no doubt, roll on by easy stages for many nights to come. Mr. Bunn's last stroke of theatrical diplomacy, was the engagement of an Irish performer of the name of Macarthy to establish the "balance of Power" with Covent Garden. Mr. Macarthy appeared on Monday last, in the character of Dr. O'Toole. He has a good brogue, seems quite at ease in his duties, and he was in good favour with his audience in two minutes.

COVENT GARDEN.—This house opened on Monday week under the management of Mr. Osbaldiston. The prices of admission have been reduced one half; and up to the present time we hope and believe that the experiment has been successful, though quantity has, to a considerable extent, supplied the place of quality. It is, however, far too early to judge of the probable permanent effect of the experiment; we must wait until the excitement produced by novelty has passed away. The theatre, on the first night, was crowded to suffocation, so that, after witnessing the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Charles Kemble, we were glad to make our escape. Mr. Power returned to this establishment on Monday last, and was cordially received.

ADELPHI.—Two new comic pieces have been represented at this house since our last report, and both of them have been and continue to be well received. In the first, called 'The Yellow Kids,' Mr. Webster made his first Adelphi bow and displayed so much original humour as, in our opinion, clearly to entitle him to be taken by the press out of the class of "useful actors" and to be placed among the attractives. It is long since we have had a heartier laugh. The piece itself has a great deal of fun about it, and we should think it likely to have a run;—what do we mean by "likely"? It is having a run. The other novelty called 'The King's Command' is inferior, but Mrs. Keeley popped it on her shoulders (*super humeros*) and ran away with it so humorously that the audience, constrained to follow her, laughed without having time to stop and inquire why they did so. This piece founded another claim to the good-will of the Adelphi audience on the fact of its introducing to them Mr. Frederick Vining, the old-established favourite from the Haymarket. The revising barristers instantly admitted the claim; we hope to have a favourable report to make next week of a new piece announced for Monday next, written, we believe, by Mr. Oxfenford, a young dramatic author of rising popularity.

OLYMPIC.—A new piece, from the pen of Mr. Jerrold, was produced at this theatre on Monday last, entitled, 'The Man's an Ass!' It has gone to the tomb of the Capulets, and, therefore, we should abstain from noticing it, but that we think, like Romeo and his lady love, it has been un-

timely sent thither—that the management has given it poison, not suffered it to die a natural death. We admit that the subject chosen by Mr. Jerrold was not a happy one, and that no talent in the writing could have made it permanently popular as a dramatic entertainment for an English audience; but we consider that an author, standing so well before the public, should not have had his drama unceremoniously thrust out of the bills upon the strength, or, rather, upon the weakness, of certain hisses from a small minority of the audience; it ought at least to have had one more trial, particularly as it was most tastefully and admirably put upon the stage as to scenery, dresses, and appointments, and supported by the acting of Mr. Liston, Mr. Keeley, Mr. F. Matthews, and Miss Glover. If this piece had had five times its faults, they should all have been forgiven, rather than suffer so rich and racy a bit of acting as Mr. Matthews's starveling Friar to have been lost to the stage.

MISCELLANEA

Proposed Harbour at Douglas, Isle of Man.—In 1826, Sir William Hillary drew public attention to the national importance of a great central harbour for the Irish seas, and he pointed out Douglas, in the Isle of Man, as offering the principal advantages. On the northern coast of Wales, excepting Holyhead, and the south parts of Scotland, as far as the Mull of Galloway, there is not a single harbour which can at low water afford shelter to vessels in distress; yet within this range, Sir William observes, lies Liverpool, at which arrive annually more than 12,000 vessels, besides Lancaster, Whitehaven, Maryport, Workington, and various other ports to which belong collectively not less than one-third of the commercial navy of the Empire, added to which, these seas are navigated by the numerous shipping of the Clyde, and the west of Scotland, also the whole coasting trade of the east of Ireland. Considerable property, and many lives are also engaged in the fishing trade. The Manx herring fleet alone is registered at 250 vessels, averaging from 25 to 30 tons, and navigated by upwards of 2000 men, besides the numerous vessels, even so far as from Cornwall and Devonshire, which assemble there during the season. We are glad to see that this subject has been revived, and we learn from the *Mona Herald*, in which Sir William Hillary's pamphlet has been republished, that Sir John Rennie has been employed in surveying the ports of the island, and has recently published a report, accompanied by plans for the accomplishing of the object. We infer from the statements, that the estimated expense of erecting the breakwater, &c. would not exceed 200,000*l.* or 250,000*l.*, within which there would be a fine basin, with excellent anchorage, of from forty to fifty acres, having various depths from 34 to 29 feet at the lowest ebb. Sir William Hillary, in a note attached to the original pamphlet, states, that within ten years property to an amount beyond half a million has been lost on the coast of the island and the adjoining seas, by the wreck of vessels which would certainly have found refuge within a breakwater in Douglas Bay; that in a single week, in November, 1834, besides thirteen persons, vessels and their cargoes, exceeding the value of 60,000*l.*, were lost in Ramsay Bay, and on the Castletown coast, all of which had passed Douglas Bay in search of shelter.

Effects of Earthquakes on the Currents of the Ocean.—We observe, that on the trial last week of Captain Seymour, for the loss of the *Challenger*, a letter from Captain Fitzroy, of the *Beagle*, surveying ship, was read to the Court, detailing the observations of that scientific officer upon the alterations of the currents and tides, and often contrary set of them, on the West coast of South America, consequent

upon the frequent earthquakes which had occurred in that quarter, it having been ascertained that, from the middle of February last, not a day had intervened without a motion of the earth having been felt in one quarter or another. The evidence of the Captain of the Swedish ship *Aurora*, given by Commodore Mason, was also exhibited, in which it was shown that he thought he was far off from the land when he was warned of the danger of his situation by the two guns fired by the *Challenger* on the morning after the wreck. It further appears by the sentence of the court, that the loss was occasioned by the ship being then by an unusual and unexpected current, set between noon of the 17th of May last to the time of her wreck, on the 19th of the same month, 34 miles of latitude to the southward, which latitude, by dead reckoning up to the time of taking the sights, being used to work the sights of the chronometer, on the morning of the 19th of May, placed the ship 60 miles to the N.W. of her actual position at that time.

Dangerous Shoal in the China Sea.—We did not expect to have it in our power so soon to direct the attention of our geographers and mariners to another of these unknown dangers. Owen's Shoal, in latitude 8° 8' N., longitude 111° 59' E. by two chronometers, agreeing, in a run of ten days from Macao, discovered May 11th, 1835, by captain Owen, commander of the Ship *David Scott*, on the passage from Canton river, towards England, had not been previously known. He got upon the shoal, a little past noon, steering S.S.E. and S.E. by S., and had soundings in passing over it from 6 to 4 fathoms, and once had only 3½ fathoms; afterwards, at 1 P.M. got no ground, being then clear of the shoal. This shoal appeared to be about two miles in extent, composed of black and white speckled coral, in a state of rapid accretion, perceived by the vitality and energy of the madrepores, observed in recent formations of large pieces of coral brought up by the lead. Whilst on the shoal, patches of variegated coral were bright and alarming; and although no appearance of breakers was discernible, the sea being then very smooth, yet in stormy weather, it probably breaks upon some of the shoal patches, when at such times a large ship would be liable to strike on them.

North Carolina Gold Mines.—Many of the inhabitants at Concord have pieces of pure gold of various weight, one of which weighs 28lbs. The beds where the gold is discovered are of gravel, and very extensive, covered with water in the winter months, but dry in summer. The manner of searching for gold is, to take shovels and turn over the gravel, always advancing, as it is turned back, and picking up what is discoverable to the eye, by which thousands of small grains are lost, as the fingers cannot separate them from the sand. By working this over again with quicksilver, large quantities may be obtained; no machinery is required, or smelting process. The first mine was found by a son of Mr. Reed, who, in watering his horse at the creek, discovered a piece of gold quite pure. Two years after, Mr. Reed, with two partners, pursued the search for gold, with six black boys, during the short period of only six weeks. In each of the two first years they obtained 17,000 dollars, besides what was stolen from the streams, supposed to be half as much more. No attempt has been made to open the hills; they are totally unacquainted with the subject of mining.—Messrs. Morton and Bedford, of Baltimore, purchased a small tract of about 300 acres joining the lower end of Reed's purchase and mine, they gave seven dollars an acre. Governor Mercer stated that they had analyzed the sand and gravel, and found it was worth a guinea a bushel, after the lump gold was picked out. The gold as found is worth 19 dollars an ounce, while

the best East Indian and African gold dust is not worth more than from 12 to 16 dollars.—Mr. Thomas Moore got some hickory-nuts, and in looking for a stone to break the shell, he went to a tree that had been blown down, and picking up the first stone he found in the fresh turned up earth, finding it heavy he washed it, and found it was a piece of solid gold, which he sold for 450 dollars! He then set some men to work, and they made from two to five dollars a-day each, in grounds opposite to mine. Some of it has been sent to the mint of the United States, where they exchange it for eagles ready coined, weight for weight; but the gold-beaters give a still better price, say four per cent, it is so pure and malleable.—*Mining Journal.*

The Warlock Pear.—There is a singular story connected with the family of Lord Dalhousie which has never appeared in print. Lady Dalhousie is of the ancient family of Coulston, one of the ancestors of which, Brown of Coulston, married the daughter of the famous Warlock of Gifford, described in *Marmion*. As they were proceeding to the church, the wizard lord stopped the bridal procession beneath a pear-tree, and plucking one of the pears, he gave it to his daughter, telling her that he had no dowry to give her, but that as long as she kept that gift, good fortune would never desert her or her descendants. This was in 1270, and the pear is still preserved in a silver box. About two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after two of the best farms of the estate were lost in some litigation—the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the Coulstons in six centuries—thanks (perhaps) to the *Warlock pear*.—*Willis's Pencilings.*

Académie Française.—The prize for poetry has been awarded to M. Bignan. The subject proposed was an eulogium upon Cuvier. The Monthyon prize was bestowed upon the authors of three works. Messrs. Aimé, Martin, and Damiron, the Laureates, received the congratulations of the Academy. A prize of 3000*fr.* is offered to the author of the best Essay upon moral courage.

Estienne's Cicero.—A bookseller at Orleans possesses a very rare copy of an edition of Cicero, published in 1535, by C. Estienne in that city. The margin is enriched with more than 4000 corrections in the hand-writing of H. Estienne, and another learned scholar, who only affixes his Christian name, but who is supposed to be Jean Scapula. These corrections appear to have been made with the view of publishing another edition of Cicero, probably that of which H. Estienne speaks in his *Castigationes in quamplurimos locos Ciceronis*, but which was never completed.—*Le Voleur.*

List of New Books.—The *Chronicles of Waltham*, by the Author of 'The Subaltern,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*—Gilpin's *Monuments of Parental Affection*, 12mo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*—*Prophetic Messenger*, 1836, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The *Amulet*, edited by S. C. Hall, 1836, 12*s.*—*Tales of the Peasantry and the Peasantry*, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*—The *Air*, by Robert Mudie, *fc.* 5*s.*—*Peithman's Practical French Grammar*, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*; 5*s.* 6*d.*—*Peithman's Practical Latin Grammar*, 12mo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*; 3*s.* 6*d.*—*Chitty's General Practice of the Law*, Vol. III. Part II. royal 8vo. 24*s.*—A *Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture*, by Sir W. Chambers, K.P.S. 5th edit. folio, 63*s.*—The *Geographical Annual and Universal Gazetteer*, 1836, 12mo. 21*s.*—The *Biblical Offering*, 2 vols. 8vo. 14*s.*—*Mahmoud*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*—*My Old House*, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The *Works of Pindar in Greek*, with Notes, &c. by A. Negrin. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The *Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts*, Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.*—*Xenophon's Anabasis in Greek*, with Notes, &c. by A. Negrin. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—*Biblical Cabinet*, Vol. X. *fc.* 5*s.*—*Leigh's Road Book of England and Wales*, 18mo. 5th edit. 8*s.*; ditto, with Maps, 12*s.*—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, Vol. LXXII. (Swainson's *Natural History of Quadrupeds*), *fc.* 6*s.*—*Lindley's Key to Structural, Physiological, and Systematic Botany*, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—*Agnes Searle*, by the Author of 'The Heiress,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*ls.* 6*d.*—*Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual*, 1836, 8vo. 12*s.*—The *Comet*; in four parts, illustrated and explained, by Tables, Diagrams, &c. by John Sears, 12mo. 4*s.*

ADVERTISEMENTS

ENGLISH LAW.

PROFESSOR PRESTON will deliver his **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, on MONDAY, the 2nd of November, at Eight o'clock in the Evening, precisely.** Any Gentlemen presenting his card will be admitted to this Lecture.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

King's College, London, Oct. 5.

A Prospectus of the Course may be had at the Secretary's Office.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—ENGLISH LAW. PROFESSOR LUMLEY, B.C.L.—There will be two Classes during the ensuing Session. In the First, the Law which regulates the Rights of Persons and of Personal Property, will be discussed. In the Second, the Law of Real Property will be concluded, and the Modes of enforcing Rights and redressing Wrongs will be explained.

The Courses will be commenced by an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE** on Monday next, the 2nd of November, at a quarter before 7 P.M., and be continued as follows: To the First Class, every Wednesday, at a quarter to 7 P.M. To the Second, every Monday, at a quarter to 7, and every Friday, at half-past 10 o'clock.

FEES.

For the First Class.....£2 10

For the Second Class.....£ 10

Or for both Classes.....£ 20

PHILOSOPHY of the Mind and Logic. The Rev. Professor Hoppus proposes to give an Evening Course. The Lectures to be delivered twice a week, at hours selected for the convenience of the Students of English Law.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University.

Gentlemen are admitted to Introductory Lectures on presenting their cards of address.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary.

Council Room, 27th Oct. 1833.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

(By R. B. EDE, HER MAJESTY'S APPOINTED CHEMIST.)

price £1. 11s. 6d.; or with stoppered bottles, French Polished

Cabinet, Lock and Key, Two GUINÉAS.—Containing about 90

Tests, Re-Agents, Blotting, and appropriate Apparatus for

performing with facility the principal Class Experiments ex-

hibited in Chemical Lectures; also for the Analysis of Minerals,

Salts, and Metallic Oxides.

Sold by G. and R. Knight, Foster-lane; and Dymond and Co.

146, Holborn Bars. Also at Aberdeen, Dublin, and Edinburgh;

at Exeter, by R. Evans and Co.; Glasgow, by R. Griffin and Co.;

Liverpool, by E. and Son, and Co.; Wolverhampton, by J. Mander,

Weaver, and Co.; where Testimonials of approbation from the

most eminent Professors may be procured.

Empowered by Act of Parliament, 3 William IV.

THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

No. 24, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

ESTABLISHED 1823.

The Right Hon. Thomas Frankland Lewis, Chairman.

Henry Frederick Stephenson, Esq. Deputy Chairman.

Lancelot Brough Allen, Esq.

Stephen Nicholson Barber, Esq.

Robert Biddulph, Esq. M.P.

Robert Davies, Esq.

Adam Gordon, Esq.

ADVISERS.

H. M. Boodle, Esq.

Edward Knowles, Esq.

Physician, King's College, Paris, M.D. F.R.S. No. 27, Dover-street.

SCOTLAND, Benjamin T. Tavers, Esq. F.R.S. No. 12, Bruton-street.

Solicitor, Henry Young, Esq. Essex-street, Strand.

ACTUARY, J. J. Downes, Esq.

THIS Society has for its basis, ECONOMY

COMBINED WITH SECURITY—the terms of Assurances

for young and middle-aged lives being much lower than those of

any other office, which gives a bonus to the assured; and a full

statement of its affairs is annually made to the Shareholders and

Policy-holders, who have a control over the Society.

Three-fourths of the profits are now divided among those as-
sured on an equitable scale, for the whole term of life after the

Policies shall have been in force four years; and eventually the

whole of the profits will be so divided.

A bonus was declared up to the end of 1833, which gave to

Policy-holders, on an average, £15 per Cent. upon the amount

of premiums paid.

Endowments for Children are granted, and Assurances on

Joint Lives, Survivorships, Survivorship Annuities, as well as

every species of Life contingency, at rates proportional to the

nature of the risks, which are as low as possible compatible with

security to the assured.

Assurances are also effected, either by paying small Premiums

at first, and increasing them every five years, or by paying a

high Premium at first, subject to periodical payments, and

ultimately, the payments to cease altogether. In fine, premium

may be assured in any way which may be best adapted to their

circumstances or wishes.

Medical Referees are appointed in most cities and large towns,

and Agents in many, from whom information may be obtained

and Prospectuses had.

JOHN KNOWLES, Resident Director.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

CHURTON'S BRITISH AND FOREIGN

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY,

26, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Year, First Class.....£5 5 0

Second Class.....£ 4 0 0

Extra Class.....£ 10 10 0

Subscribers to this Library, besides being immediately supplied

with all the New Publications, have the power of selecting from

the general Catalogue, containing upwards of 20,000 Volumes of

Standard Works in the English, French, Italian, German, and

Spanish Languages.

GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE, edited by Mr.

G. PINCKNEY, the Proprietor of the valuable and widely-circu-

lated Periodical beg to apprise their numerous friends and the

public generally, that the **GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE** will

continue to be published, as heretofore, by W. EDWARDS, No. 12,

Ave. Marie-lane, London; and may be had, as usual, of any

Bookseller in the Kingdom.—The 'Guide to Knowledge' is pub-

lished in Weekly Numbers at One Penny, and in Monthly Parts

at Sixpence. The Volumes are now complete, at 10s. 6d. each,

containing Sixty-four Geographical Maps, Seventeen Astronomi-

cal Maps, Thirteen Plans of the most important Towns of the

Empire, and Two Hundred and Thirty-five Engravings on

various other Subjects.

Sales by Auction.

BOOKS IN QUIRES.

By Messrs. SOUTHWATE and SON, at their Weekly Sale

Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on WEDNESDAY, November 4,

and following days; to wit:—

AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF

BOOKS in every Department of Literature; among which

are,

Milner's Church History, 4 vols.—Mitford's

Greece, 8 vols.—Burns's Life and Works, by Cunningham, 8

vols.—Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, 5 vols.—Henry's

Great Britain, 12 vols.—Golding's Lives of the Necromancers—

Young Gentleman's Book—Carmen's Pastry Cook—Byron's

Works, by Moore, 17 vols.—Milton's Poetical Works, 3 vols.—

The Firm, 3 vols., &c. Together with the ENTIRE STOCK,

COPPERS, and COPYRIGHT of COOKE'S POMPEII, 2 vols.

Specimens may be seen, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

On MONDAY, November 9, and 7 following days,

VALUABLE COLLECTION OF

ENGRAVINGS.

Being the THIRD PORTION of the STOCK of Messrs.

MOLTENO and GRAVES (in consequence of a Dissolution of

Partnership);

Consisting of rare early English Portraits,

including the Works of Elzardus, Delaune, Pass, Faithorne,

Hollar, Loggan, &c.—Capital Productions of the Modern British

School, after Lawrence, Wilkie, Mulready, Newton, Turner, &c.

Exceedingly selected proofs—Fine Modern Foreign Engravings, by

Morrell, Anderson, &c.—Barbieri, &c.—Book Plates, Book

of Prints, Portfolios, &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

* Money advanced, and Valuations of every Description of

Property made for the Payment of the Probate Duty, &c.

COOKE'S POMPEII.

MESSRS. SOUTHWATE and SON are

instructed to SELL BY AUCTION, on THURSDAY,

November 5, the COPYRIGHT, COPPERS, and REMAINDERS

(about 20 Copies), of this MAGNIFICENT WORK, in 2 vols.

imperial folio, with 90 Plates, engraved by W. B. Cooke, from

Original Drawings by Albert-Cox, Cockburn, J. Goltz, H.

Paric, and T. L. Donaldson.—The Descriptive Letterpress con-

tains a Review of the Manners and Customs of the Ancients,

both before and after the Christian Era, as connected with the

History of the City, written by T. L. Donaldson, Architect. Some of the Plates are

finely coloured; (the work was published at 16s. 12s.) The

complete sets will be lotted for private buyers, and as the

trade in general, and Specimens may be seen, and Catalogues had,

at their Weekly Sale Rooms, No. 22, Fleet-street.

This day is published, No. XXXI.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Contents.

ART. I. Menzel on German Literature.—II. Forster's Life of

Frederick-William I. King of Prussia.—III. William's Sanctori

Dictionary.—IV. Colletta's History of Naples.—V. On the French

and English 'Chausse de Geste'—VI. Landscape and Ornamental

Gardening.—VII. Italy as it is—VIII. On the Political

Constitution of Spain, and the Insurrection of Don Carlos.—IX. Ob-

jects and Advantages of Statistical Science.—Miscellaneous Literary

Notices from Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland,

Italy, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, and Turkey, &c. &c.

A. Richter and Co. (late Treutzel, Württemberg, &c.), 30,

Soho-square; and Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock-street,

Covent-garden. Sold by all Booksellers; of whom may be had

complete Sets and Single Numbers of this Journal.

COURT MAGAZINE, No. 41, for

NOVEMBER, contains

1. Memoir of the late Lady Elizabeth Herbert.

2. Biographies of the Earl.

3. A Clergyman in Debt.

4. Remarkable Escapes of a Predetermined Rogue.

5. Foundation of the Society of the Holy Sepulchre.

6. You can't marry your Grandmother. By T. H. Bayly.

7. Tab and Cherlock.

8. London Letter to Country Cousins.

9. Treasonable Castles.

10. Old Oak Tree.

Portrait of the late Lady Elizabeth Herbert, from a Painting by

Sir J. Reynolds.

Landscape View of Treghothan Castle.

Two coloured Figures of Female Costumes.

Edward Churton, Public Library, 26, Holles-street.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGA-

ZINE, No. CCXLI, for NOVEMBER.

Contents: I. Shall we overturn the Peers?—2. Strong's Son-

net—3. Myself and Julia Armitage—4. Naples under the Bourbons

and Bonapartes—5. William Pitt, No. IX.—6. A Catechism of

Whist—7. Translations from the Greek Anthology. By William

Hay—8. Lines written on hearing the popular Air of Marlboro

—9. The Fight with the Dragon. A Romance from Schiller—

10. Eight Days in the Alamo—11. Sacred Poetry of the Seven-

teenth Century.

William Blackwood and Sons, No. 45, George-street, Edin-

burgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGA-

ZINE, No. XXXV, for NOVEMBER, contains

Sir James Mackintosh's Memorial, from the Life of Edward Las-

celles, Gent. Chap. XXI. Of Algiers—The Present is not a

Crisis—Fritillio's Saga—Hibernian Nights' Entertainments;

Frank Night. Corley Mac Gilmore. Part Second—Mrs Mar-

shall's Tracts—Rambling Recollections. No. V. By the Au-

thor of 'Stories of Waterloo,' &c.—The Belgic Revolution of

1830—The Privy Council and the Corporation of Cork.

Dublin: Printed by J. G. Dunne, and Co.; Simpkin,

Marshall, and Co., and Roake and Varty, London; and sold by

all Booksellers.

Now publishing, by G. Rowney and Co. 51, Rathbone-place,

HEADS after the ANTIQUE, illustrative

of the Ideal Beauty of the Greeks, and designed as a

DRAMA, and for the purpose of accompanying the work with

descriptive Letter-press. By BENJAMIN RICHARD GREEN.

The following Numbers, price 3s. 6d. each, have now appeared,

I. Jupiter, Jano, Apollo, II. Bacchus, Ariadne, Hercules

Diana, (Fanciful), Faun.

III. Minerva, Mercury, Venus, IV. Pluto, Isis, Esculapius,

Cupid.

* A few Copies are printed on India paper, price 5s.

It is impossible for pupils to have better studies than these;

the subjects being lithographed with admirable fidelity and skill.

—Edin's Weekly Messenger.

Now ready, in 2 vols. 8vo. neatly bound, price 12s.

THE BIBLICAL OFFERING;

Containing NINETY-SIX ENGRAVINGS,

From Drawings by R. WATKINS, Esq. R.A.,

And J. MARTIN, Esq.

With Descriptions by the Rev. H. CAUNTER, B.D.

Edward Churton, Public Library, 26, Holles-street.

This day is published, in morocco, price 12s.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL,

AND UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER;

Containing One Hundred beautiful coloured Steel Engravings

of all the States, Kingdoms, and Empires throughout the World.

* Of all the Annals this is unquestionably the most useful.

New Monthly Magazine.

A gift better calculated to be long preserved, and often re-

ferred to, could not be offered to favoured youth of either sex.

—Literary Gazette.

E. Churton, Public Library, 26, Holles-street.

Just published, by Ackermann and Co. 96, Strand,

Elegantly and substantially bound in crimson morocco, price 12s.

FORGET ME NOT for 1836;

containing Engravings by Rolls, Carter, Davenport, Busch,

Goodyear, Robinson, Kelsall, and Stocks; from Paintings and

Drawings by E. Landseer, R.A., Harris, Pratt, Wood, Hart,

Scriptures, and the most famous and Literary Composi-

Now ready,
THE COMIC ALMANACK for 1836.
Thirteen Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Also, a New Edition of the Comic Almanack for 1835.
Charles Tilt, 55, Fleet-street.

In a few days will be published, in 12mo. price 6s. in boards,
SERMONS, preached in the Parish Church
of St. Andrew the Great, Cambridge,
By the Rev. TEMPLE CHEVALIER, B.D.
Late Vicar and Lecturer of St. Andrew the Great, Cambridge;
Professor of Mathematics in the University of Durham; and
Perpetual Curate of Eek, Durham.
London: Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard,
and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

VINDICATION OF THE AUTHORITY OF THE
CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD.
In small 8vo. price 3s. 6d. boards.

THE FIRST and SECOND of LAW'S
THREE LETTERS to BISHOP HODLEY, in Answer
to his Lordship's Sermon on the Nature of Christ's Kingdom,
and his Nations of the Authority of the Christian Priesthood.
* * * The present Edition of these Letters is brought forward
in answer to some opinions reproduced by Dr. ARNOLD, in his
publications.
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard,
and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

In a 4vo. size, with Lithographic Views and Wood-cuts, 94s. cloth,
A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT to the
AMERICAN CHURCHES, by the Deputation from the
Congregational Union of England and Wales. By ANDREW
REED, D.D. and JAMES MATHESON, D.D.
* * * Contains not a few descriptive episodes, which, had we
room to extract them, would gratify all our readers. — *Quarterly*
Review, Oct.
London: Jackson and Walford, 16, St. Paul's Churchyard.

BAKER'S TEACHER'S LESSONS FOR SCHOOLS
AND FAMILIES.

PRIMARY LESSONS FOR CHILDREN
AND INFANTS' SCHOOLS. Price 2d.

2. A Teacher's First Lessons on Natural

Religion. 2nd edit. 1s.

3. A Teacher's Lessons on Scripture Characters. 2nd edit. 1s.

4. A Teacher's Lessons on the Creation. 1s.

5. A Teacher's First Lessons on Religion (revealed). 6d.

By CHARLES BAKER,
Head Master of the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The above Works have been favourably reviewed in very
numerous Periodicals.
London: Longman and Co.; and may be had of all Booksellers.

Just published, in 1 thick vol. 8vo. price 18s.
A TREATISE ON THE DISEASES OF THE
EYE. By W. LAWRENCE, F.R.S.

"We earnestly recommend this able and interesting work to
the perusal of every surgeon and every student of medicine." —
Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.

Also, the 4th edition, with Plates, price 12s.

A Synopsis of the various Kinds of Difficult

Parturition, with Practical Remarks on the Management of

Labours. By Samuel Merriman, M.D. F.R.S.
London: John Churchill, Prince-street, Soho.

Just published, price 3s. 6d.
A N EXPERIMENTAL GUIDE to
CHEMISTRY.

By EDWARD DAVY, M.R.C.S.

A popular outline of this interesting science, illustrated by
numerous Experiments, with minute directions for their successful
performance, interspersed with explanatory Observations
on the various Arts and Manufactures dependent on Chemistry, &c.

Published by the Author, 390, Strand, London; and to be had
of all Booksellers.

DR. URE'S DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.

This day is published, in a very large volume, 8vo. with 9 En-
gravings, price One Guinea in boards.

A DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY and
MINERALOGY, with their Applications.

By ANDREW URE, M.D. F.R.S.

The 4th edition, with numerous Improvements.
Also, a New Edition of

Rose's Manual of Analytical Chemistry, by
Griffin, 16s. boards.
London: Printed for Thomas Tegg and Son, 79, Cheapside.

Just published, in 1 thick vol. 6th edition, price 10s.
Errata in this edition have received additions, and the
whole is much improved.

MODERN DOMESTIC MEDICINE; or a
POPULAR TREATISE, exhibiting the Symptoms,
Causes, and most efficacious Treatment of Diseases; with a
copious Collection of approved Prescriptions, Medical Management
of Children, &c. The whole forming a comprehensive
Medical Guide for the Clergy, Families, and Invalids.

By T. J. GRAHAM, M.D. &c.

"We shall perceive it to be the advice of an invaluable friend,
to which we can refer in the hour of need, without any doubt of
being benefited by its wisdom." — *Literary Chronicle*.

"It is altogether deserving of permanent popularity." — *London*
Weekly Review.

"One of the very best and most useful books published in
modern times." — *Monthly Observer*.

"The public demand for this work is a proof that its value is
daily appreciated." — *Bristol Journal*.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, and Hatchard and Son,
London. Sold by all Booksellers.

Also, by the same Author, in 8vo. price 10s. boards,
2. On the Diseases of Females; a Treatise

illustrating their Symptoms, Causes, Varieties, and Treatment.
With numerous instructive Cases. Including the Diseases and
Management of Pregnancy and Lying-in Women. Designed as a
Companion to the Author's "Modern Domestic Medicine." Con-
taining an Appendix on the proper Principles of the Treatment
of Epilepsy.

"It is an admirable performance, and should find a place in
every family establishment." — *Both Herald*, 23rd May, 1834.

"A most desirable acquisition." — *Reading Mercury*, 2nd June.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS,
Author of 'Pencilings by the Way,' &c. &c.
Two vols. in one, royal 12mo. nearly 600 pages, price 10s. 6d. bds.
THE LEGENDARY; consisting of
Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, illustrative of American
Manners, Customs, and Scenery.
Contributions by Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgewick, Mrs. Sigourney,
Wells, Halleck, Pickering, Pierpont, &c. &c.
R. J. Bennett, 14, York-street, Covent-garden (removed from
59, Great Queen-street. Of whom may be had,
A Catalogue of American Books, on sale at
affixed prices.

Just published, price 4s. Part 9 of the
POETICAL WORKS OF
SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

To be completed in 10 Parts.
Edward Moxon, Dover-street; and T. Cadell, Strand.

Just published, price 5s. cloth,
SELECTIONS from WORDSWORTH.

A New Edition. — Also,
1. Life of Keats. By Barry Cornwall. 21s. bds.

2. Lamb's Prose Works. 5 vols. 11. 7s. 6d.
cloth.

3. Dramatic Specimens. 2 vols. 14s. cloth.
Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

MR. ST. JOHN'S NEW NOVEL.
In a few days,
MARGARET RAENSCHROFT;
OR, SECOND LOVE.

Founded on certain extraordinary Incidents in the History of a
distinguished English Family.
By J. A. ST. JOHN, Esq.

Author of 'Tales of the Ramadan-ha,' 'Egypt, and Muham-
med Ali,' &c.
Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster-row.

3, St. James's-square, Oct. 30.
MR. MACRONE has this day published,
NORMAN LESLIE.

OLD BACHELORS.

PLANTAGENET.

THURLSTON TALES.

MY NOTE-BOOK.
(Very nearly ready.)

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.

FAMILY LIBRARY, VOL. LIV.

On Tuesday, the 1st of December, will be published, price 5s.
THE SECOND VOLUME OF
THE LIFE and TIMES of GENERAL
WASHINGTON.

By CYRUS R. EDMONDS.
London: Printing for Thomas Tegg and Son, 79, Cheapside.

AMERICAN ANNUAL JUST RECEIVED.

THE PEARL; or, AFFECTION'S GIFT:
A CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S PRESENT for 1836,
illustrated with Seven highly-finished Engravings. Elegantly
bound in embossed morocco, price 12s.

Philadelphia: Published by Thomas T. Ash; and sold in London
by Richard Groombridge, Finsbury-alley, Paternoster-row.

Just published, by Darton and Harvey, 55, Gracechurch-street,
THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS,
and the **ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES.**

Translated from the Greek by GEORGE CROKER FOX, Esq.
With Notes, intended to illustrate the typical Character of the
former. Also a few Original Poems. 8vo. cloth lettered,
price 1s. 6d.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SURTEES
SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR 1835.

1. **REGINALDI MONACHI DUNEL-**
LEN MENSIS LIBELLUS DE ADMIRANDIS BEATI
CUTHBERTI VIRTUTIBUS. 8vo. Price 12s.

2. **Wills and Inventories, illustrative of the**
History, Manners, Language, Statistics, &c. &c. of the Northern
Counties of England, from the Eleventh Century downwards.
8vo. Price 11. 1s.

May be had of the Publishers, J. B. Nichols and Son, Parlia-
ment-street; and William Pickering, Chancery-lane.

* * * Only One Hundred Copies of each Volume are set apart
for Sale.

GREEK LITERATURE.

This day is published,
NEGRIS' XENOPHON'S ANABASIS,

Price 4s. 6d. bound in cloth.
2. **Negris' Pindar, with English Notes, and**
Various Readings. Price 11. 6d. cloth.

3. **Negris' Herodotus, with English Notes,**
Various Readings, &c. 2 vols. Price 12s. cloth.

4. **Biblical Cabinet, Vol. X., containing**
Moses Stuart on the *Syntax* of the New Testament Dialect.
Price 3s. 6d. cloth.

5. **Barbaeovi's Literary History of Magna**
Græcia, &c. 4s. 6d.

6. **The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful**
Tracts, Nos. 1. to 1X.

7. **My Old House; or, the Doctrine of**
Changes. Price 10s. 6d.

8. **The Cabinet Library of Scarce and Celebrated**
Tracts. Nos. 1. and II.

Edinburgh: Thomas Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, and
Co.; and sold by all the Booksellers.

COVERDALE'S BIBLE. — FAC-SIMILE
LETTER from MILES COVERDALE to THOMAS LORD
CROMWELL, 1538, desiring his Protection for a Series of An-
notations on the Bible. Price 1s.

Also, No. I. of Historical and Literary
Curiosities; accompanied by Etchings of interesting Localities,
by Charles John Smith, in 12 Plates. Price 7s. 6d.
Published by J. B. Nichols and Son. Sold by J. and A. Arch
and Co. Cornhill, London; and all other Book and Printersellers.

In small 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, price 9s. 6d. cloth
lettered.

THE EARTH, its PHYSICAL CONDI-
TION, and MOST REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

By W. MULLINGER HIGGINS,
Fellow of the Geological Society, and Lecturer on Natural
Philosophy, Gay's Hospital.

"This work has the rare merit of performing more than is
promised in the title-page; it is, in truth, a guide to some of the
most important branches of experimental philosophy, comprising,
in a brief space, all that has yet been discovered respecting the
physical constitution of the globe, and the natural phenomena
connected with the support of organized life." — *Athenæum*.

"A deliberate and well-arranged performance, from a competent
hand, displaying intelligence in the choice of matter, and
judgment in assigning it proper character." — *Literary Gazette*.

Orr and Smith, Paternoster-row.

TO PERSONS FORMING NEW PLEASURE-
GROUND, or MAKING ALTERATIONS in OLD ONES.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo. the 2nd edition, with
numerous Engravings, price 11s. in boards.

PRACTICAL HINTS on LANDSCAPE
GARDENING; with some Remarks on Domestic Archi-
tecture, as connected with Scenery.

By WM. S. GILPIN, Esq.

"We take leave of Mr. Gilpin with feelings somewhat similar
to those we should experience in parting with an old friend and
colloquial neighbour, who, having much valuable instruction to
communicate, has the art of conveying it in a shape the most
familiar and agreeable to his hearers." — *Blackwood's Magazine*,
No. 202.

Printed for T. Cadell, London; and W. Blackwood and Sons,
Edinburgh.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. 8s. in boards, the 7th edition of
THE FIRST SERIES OF
LECTURES on PARABLES, selected from
the New Testament.

By MARY JANE MCKENZIE.
By the same Author.

1. **Lectures on Parables, selected from the**
New Testament. Second Series. 8s. in boards.

2. **Lectures on Miracles, selected from the**
New Testament. 5th edition, 8s. in boards.

3. **Geraldine; or, Modes of Faith and Prac-**
tice. A Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. 2nd edition, 11. 1s. in boards.

4. **Private Life; or, Varieties of Character**
and Opinion. 3rd edition. 2 vols. post 12mo. 11. 1s. in boards.

Printed for T. Cadell, London; and W. Blackwood and Sons,
Edinburgh.

Cheap, Correct, and beautifully-printed
ALMANACKS FOR 1836.

THE COMIC ALMANACK;
an Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, by RIGGUM FUN-
NIDOS, Gent. With Twelve Plates and an Hieroglyphic, by
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Price Half-a-Crown.

Poor Richard's Almanack; containing Twelve
Portraits of Public Characters. Price Sixpence; or, bound with
the NEW ANNUAL CALENDAR, price One Shilling.

Tilt's Almanack for the Table; or, Pocket
Annual. Price Sixpence; or, bound with the NEW ANNUAL
CALENDAR, price One Shilling.

Tilt's Almanack for the Hat, with a Stamp
Table. Price One Penny.

The National Almanack; beautifully printed
in colours, on a Crown Sheet. Price Threepence.

Tilt's London Almanack; exquisitely printed
in a diamond type, with an Engraving of the Entrance to Hyde
Park. Price Threepence.

The Celestial Almanack; with a beautiful
Engraving of the Holy Family. Price One Penny.

The Paragon Almanack; in a handsome
Gothic border, suitable for Albums and Blotting Books. Price
One Penny.

The Sunday Almanack; containing the First
and Second Lessons for every Sunday in the Year. Card size,
with Arabesque Border, and intended to be placed within the
cover of the Bible or Prayer-Book. Price One Penny.

London: Published by C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

NON PLUS ULTRA.

BARON DUPUYTREN'S CHEMICAL
POMATUM for the HAIR, in two Preparations: one for
Gentlemen, and one, of proportionate strength, for Ladies and
Young Persons in general. In Pots, at 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

Laboratory, 155, Regent-street.

CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, SCROFULA, ETC.

BUTLER'S FLUID EXTRACT
OF JAMAICA SARSAPARILLA, and the other Sweet-
ening Woods ordered by the College of Physicians, forming a
very successful decoction, is indisputably the best (as it is the
original) preparation of the kind, either for taking alone, or for
making the Compound Decoction of Sarsaparilla, now so gene-
rally ordered by physicians, and recommended by many of the
best medical writers. A dessert spoonful diluted with water
makes half a pint of decoction of the usual strength. It is highly
esteemed as an alterative in scrofula, scurvy, eruptions of the
skin, and all cutaneous diseases; also has been found extremely
useful in chronic rheumatism, and a remedy for the improper
use of mercury.

Prepared and sold in 4s. 6d., 10s., and 20s. bottles, by Thomas
Butler, Chemist, 4, Cheapside, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard,
London; and (authenticated by his name and address being
printed on the accompanying labels) may be procured of Sanger,
159, Oxford-street; of W. Dennis and Son, York; Duncan,
Flockhart and Co. Edinburgh; and the Apothecaries' Company,
Virginia-street, Glasgow; and of most respectable Druggists and
Medicine Vendors throughout the United Kingdom.

THE PUBLISHER of "FRASER" invites the attention of his Subscribers and the Public to a more than ordinarily interesting and valuable Number, ready this day. Among other Papers, it contains Original Articles by the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and the late Dominie (Andrew Picken); a continuation of the "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott (His Early Manhood)"; a Paper by Morgan Rattler, entitled the "Cognate Cities;" a continuation of the "Greek Pastoral Poets (Bion)"; a Letter from the well-known Nimrod, entitled "Memorabilia Bacchanalia;" a further review of Reed and Matheson's Narrative, entitled "America and Church Establishments;" a Political Paper on the "State of Parties," &c. &c. The full-length Portrait of the month is that of the Earl of Mulgrave, accompanied with the customary letter-press.

Orders received at 215, Regent Street; or by any Bookseller in Town and Country.

* * The Publisher willingly expresses his gratitude to his contemporaries for the high praises bestowed on his October Number, of which a very few Copies remain unsold. He feels proud of referring to the reviews which have reached him; indeed, he would be wanting in honour, did he fail in making mention of the kindness of all, whatever their party and political feelings. The first portion will be found to contain extracts from the Conservative Journals, and the second portion, extracts from the Whig and Radical Journals.

From the Conservative Journals.

"This able and spirited periodical abounds, according to use and wont, with a valuable assortment of material, and will, no doubt, be a welcome visitor at many a 'blazing inn and clean hearth-stone,' during this more than usually cold and comfortless month of October. The first article, Lord Brougham on Natural Theology, is worth half-a-crown any day. There can be no doubt that his lordship has much merit in the manner in which this very questionable addition to our already too heavy stock of theological literature has been got up; but then he has been praised by his friends beyond the bounds of decency and common-sense; and his egotistical and incongruous fancy, that mind forms a hitherto unexplored portion of natural theology, and his covert design to substitute his book for the Bible, are startling and somewhat appalling truths, which his political partisans—who would defend the devil himself, were he their party, as he probably is—have hitherto industriously overlooked. For a correct idea of the above work, let the reader dip into the last nineteen pages of the present number of *Fraser*. In these times of political battle and party intrigue, we often think of the beautiful prayer of Theocritus, that he might 'live and die to the lower of the graces.' In this point of view, the article on the Greek Pastoral Poets—Theocritus concluded, to the reader of classical taste is extremely interesting. The noble hymn in praise of the Lyre, the eloquent lines in praise of Pompey, and that true lyric of the heart, the ode to the death of his friend Nicias, with numerous other

pieces of great merit, beauty, and originality, are here brought within the grasp of the mere English reader, through the medium of correct and elegant translations. The Bridgewater Treatises are thoroughly dissected in this and in former numbers. Washington Irving's Miscellaneous are good. The Fishing Excursion, Bombardino at Rome, &c. &c. will well repay the perusal; and it is only want of space which prevents us from bringing them more fully before the reader. We leave our valuable contemporary for the present with, 'Go on and prosper.'—*Glasgow Courier*, Oct. 17. "His majesty's ministers have betaken themselves to their rural recreations, and being now busily engaged in bringing down fresh game, instead of knocking down old institutions, *Regina's* Prime Minister, OLIVER YOUNG, needing his holiday as well as they, and desiring it much better, has left politics and state affairs to take care of themselves; and, like the Tudor, 'works for the honey in the old woods.'—*Chesham Journal*, Oct. 5. "Fraser opens with great critical power upon Brougham."—*Public Ledger*, Oct. 1. "The present number is solid, and in character resembling a Quarterly."—*Glasgow Chronicle*, Oct. 10. "It has an undeniable claim to the credit we bestow upon it—that of being 'talented.'"—*Devon Advertiser*, Oct. 9. "Less of politics than usual; but is, as a literary production, clever, talented, and agreeable."—*Durham Advertiser*, Oct. 9. "The periodical now before us deserves attention, from the depth, with which its criticisms, and the ability with which it

supports the objection to, the work under review."—*Salisbury Herald*, Oct. 3.

"Fraser's Magazine for this month fully maintains its well-deserved popularity. It contains the usual variety of articles, from the pens of practised writers."—*Nottingham Journal*, Oct. 16.

"Fraser is one of the most loyal, patriotic, and straight-forward."—*York Chronicle*, Oct. 8.

"The present number of *Regina* is first-rate."—*Derbyshire Courier*, Oct. 16.

"A guest more welcome than *Regina* enters not our sanctum. As each month we find it on our table, meeting us 'like a pleasant thought,' we hail its presence with delight; and, grazing on the tasteful 'sober livery' that invests its stores of wit and knowledge, address it in some such strain as what we now borrow, with slight alteration, from the excellent Father Prout. 'Fraser, at once profound and gay I greet—Depot of brightest intellect thou art! Calm reservoir of sentiment serene! Miscellany of mind, wit's glorious Magazine.'—*Edinburgh Constitution*, Oct. 10.

"The number before us is vastly superior to its rivals. It is, beyond all compare, the cheapest Magazine of the day: the portrait of Cobbett is worth the half-crown."—*Boston Herald*, Oct. 13.

"Fraser has torn the laurels from the brow of Lord Brougham with an unsparring hand, and, compared with a clever and scholarly article."—*Merthyr Guardian*, Oct. 17.

for some time; and if he continues to behave himself, we shall think much better of him than we did."—*The Dublin Morning Register* (a violent Roman Catholic Journal), Oct. 8.

"The article on the Greek Pastoral Poets is full of classical allusion, and equally apt and varied discussion."—*Taunton Courier*, Oct. 15.

"We like the article on Theocritus, and are pleased with the Prout Paper. But the best in the number is Bombardino."—*Glasgow Times*, Oct. 7.

From the Whig and Radical Journals.

"The present is one of the most attractive numbers of this bewitching periodical. No ranting extravagance in politics—not even a single paper on the subject. The writers, indeed, here and there, as they gallop on with their respective themes, by the lash unexpectedly across the shoulders of any poor Whig or Radical who happens to cross their path; but there the water ends; they do not tie him up as heretofore, and strip and flay him until they are quite out of breath."—*Bath Herald*, Oct. 10.

"Fraser—piquant, abusive, Tory, High-church; but still exuberant, talented,

witty, and by no means mean-souled *Fraser*. We ever read his pages with delight: and this month, the present sinks not in comparison with the usual. Dear Father Prout's well-stored mind continues to fling a stream of light on whatever subject he touches."—*Monmouthshire Merlin*, Oct. 10.

"Brougham is very ably reviewed. We recommend the article on America and Church Establishments to the especial notice of all who advocate the voluntary system."—*Chesham Journal*, Oct. 5.

"The best number which has appeared

THE NAPOLEON MEMOIRS.

COLBURN'S EDITION, to be completed in TWENTY-FOUR WEEKLY PARTS, price 1s. each.

This day is published, PARTS 1, and II. containing 240 Octavo Pages, a fine Portrait of Napoleon, a View of the House in which he was born, a Map of St. Helena, showing the Residence of Napoleon, and all the other remarkable Localities of the Island, and a Portrait of Prince Talleyrand.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S LIFE, EXILE, AND CONVERSATIONS.

By the COUNT DE LAS CASES.

Of all the historical characters belonging to the present age, there is not one that forms so striking an object for universal contemplation as Napoleon Buonaparte; nor is it possible, for this purpose, to find a better guide than Las Cases, whose account of him, at once minute and graphic, has accordingly been received with memorable interest, and is become a text-book for inquirers on every subject connected with the Life, Character, and Opinions of this extraordinary Man.

To extend the utility of this Work, by making it more widely accessible than hitherto, is the purpose of the present re-issue on the popular plan of

WEEKLY PUBLICATION IN SHILLING NUMBERS.

♣ To prevent mistakes. Orders should be particularly given for "COLBURN'S EDITION OF THE NAPOLEON MEMOIRS, BY LAS CASES—with Plates, in Parts, at 1s. each."

Published for HENRY COLBURN, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsreaders.

DIFFUSION OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

Published every Saturday in Paris, price 1s. each.

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS: A SELECT COLLECTION OF THE BEST WORKS OF FICTION OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH WRITERS, INCLUDING THOSE OF

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| MR. BULWER | LORD MULGRAVE |
| MR. HOOK | MR. LISTER |
| CAPTAIN MARRYAT | MR. CARNE |
| MR. HORACE SMITH | MISS AIKIN |
| AUTHOR OF TREMAINE | LADY C. BURY |
| MR. JAMES | MISS S. H. BURNEY |
| MR. GLEIG | LADY MORGAN |
| MR. BANN | MRS. SHELLEY |
| MR. NATURIN | CAPTAIN GLASCOCK |
| MR. CROLY | MR. J. B. FRASER |
| MR. D'ISRAELI | MIL. GALT |
| MIL. GRATIAN | MIL. A. CUNNINGHAM. |

WITH PORTRAITS OF THE AUTHORS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY FINDEN and other Eminent Artists.

No. IV. published this day, contains the FOURTH NUMBER of

MR. BULWER'S 'PELHAM,'

(To be completed in Six Numbers.)

Each Work will be completed in Six Numbers, embellished with Portraits of the Authors, and other Plates.

The next Work to be introduced into the present cheap RE-ISSUE will be

THE DISOWNED.

By the Author of 'Pelham.'

Great Marlborough-street, Oct. 10, 1835.

It is an undisputed fact that some of the most powerful and accomplished minds which the recent Annals of English Literature can show, have exercised themselves in the production of Works of Prose Fiction; and the public appetite, sustained by the excellence of the material furnished through such sources, has continued to delight in Novels and Romances, with a constancy that can hardly excite surprise. Such works possess, indeed, an inexhaustible charm for old and young.

Great, however, as are the merits which recommend to the general taste these products of combined fancy and observation, it is certain that the high price requisite in the first instance for the adequate remuneration of the Author and the Publisher, has the effect of precluding the EARLY possession of such Works in a majority of cases. It is only by the plan of subsequent publication in a cheaper form, after the expense of copyright has been defrayed, that the wishes of the most numerous class of purchasers can be accommodated.

The Proprietor of the Series here announced, having had the good fortune to publish a very large proportion of the most masterly modern Works of Fiction—such as have become incorporated with the Literature of the Country—is obviously placed in the most favourable position for an undertaking of this nature—and he has determined that no composition of inferior and ephemeral character shall be admitted into the Collection; but that those Works alone which have received the stamp of unequivocal public approbation, and which may be read from time to time with still recurring pleasure and profit, shall constitute the Series.

OPINIONS OF THIS UNDERTAKING.

"Colburn's Modern Novelists' present a series of those works of fiction that have most tended, with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, to elevate this description of Literature, and to render success in it an object of ambition with the most accomplished writers of the day. This publication presents a concentration of imaginative genius."—*Brighton Herald*.

"A truly popular undertaking. The Series so got up and embellished, and so cheap, must extend the fame even of the author of 'Pelham.'—*Literary Gazette*.

"We earnestly press this cheap and elegant publication of Mr. Colburn's on the notice of our readers, under a sincere conviction that we are doing them a service."—*Scotsman*.

"What an admirable opportunity is here presented to such as are about to form a select library of fiction!"—*Globe*.

"A store of intellectual entertainment and instruction is here placed within the reach of all."—*York Courier*.

"Thousands, and tens of thousands, will patronize this new undertaking."—*Kidd's Journal*.

PUBLISHED FOR HENRY COLBURN, By R. BENTLEY; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsreaders.

LONDON: JAMES HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by JOHN FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsreaders.—AGENTS: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradfoot, Edinburgh; for IRELAND, W. F. Wakeman, Dublin; for the CONTINENT, M. Baudry, 9, Rue du Coq-St-Houoré, Paris.